

# The Musical World

AND

## Dramatic Observer.

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**MISS HILDA WILSON'S SECOND VOCAL RECITAL, STEINWAY HALL, TUESDAY EVENING NEXT, May 6, at 8, assisted by her sister, Miss Agnes Wilson, and her brothers, Mr. W. Stroud Wilson and Mr. H. Lane Wilson.** Tickets 7s. 6d., 3s., and 1s., of the usual agents, and at the hall.—N. Vert, 6, Cork-street, W.

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**MR. FRANZ RUMMEL** will give TWO PIANOFORTE RECITALS at STEINWAY HALL on WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS, May 7 and 14, at 3. Mr. Franz Rummel will play on a grand pianoforte from the celebrated manufactory of Messrs. Steinway and Sons. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 3s.; balcony, 1s. Of the usual agents, and at Steinway Hall. N. Vert, 6, Cork-street, W.

**MISS MARGUERITE HALL and MR. WILLIAM NICHOLL'S THIRD VOCAL RECITAL** will take place at the STEINWAY HALL on the 13th of MAY, at 8.30 p.m. Artists: Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Miss M. Hall, Mr. Wm. Nicholl, Mr. Hayden Bailey, and Mons. Johannes Wolff (solo violin). Stalls 7s. 6d., balcony 1s., at Chappell's, Stanley Lucas, the Hall, and from W. Nicholl, 23, Belsize-road, N.W.

**MISS BEATA FRANCIS and MISS HELEN MEASON'S MORNING CONCERT, MONDAY, May 12, at three o'clock.** ST. JAMES'S HALL, Regent-street, assisted by Mr. Claude Ravenhill and Signor Gustary, Mr. Gabriel Thorp, and Mr. Douglas Lott. Violin: M. Tivadar Nachez. Violoncello: Mons. Ernest Gillett. Harp: Mr. John Thomas (Harpist to her Majesty the Queen). Conductors: Miss Bessie Waugh, Mr. Wilfrid Bendall, and Mr. W. Ganz. Tickets, half a guinea, of Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; Miss Beata Francis, 5, Montpelier-square, S.W.; of Miss Helen Meason, 39, Colville-gardens, Bayswater, W.; and of Mr. Daniel Mayer, 190, New Bond-street, W.

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MAY 8, at 8.

**MISS BEATA FRANCES AND MISS HELEN MEASON'S**

CONCERT,

ST. JAMES'S BANQUETING HALL, MAY 12, at 3.30 p.m.

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VOCAL RECITAL, at PRINCES' HALL, on JUNE 2, at 3.30 p.m.

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## COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.

PROPOSED ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE SESSION, 1890.

May 6, Dr. C. W. PEARCE will read a paper on "The New Theory of Acoustics," illustrated by practical experiments kindly exhibited by G. A. Audsley, Esq.

May	13	...	Mr. J. Percy Baker will read a Paper on "The Study of Musical Form."
June	3	...	A Lecture will be delivered by Mr. H. Somers Clarke.
July	1	...	Lecture at 8 p.m.
"	15	...	F.C.O. Examination (Paper Work) at 10 a.m.
"	16	...	F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing) at 10 a.m.
"	17	...	F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing) at 10 a.m.
"	18	...	Distribution of Diplomas at 11 a.m.
"	22	...	A.C.O. Examination (Paper Work) at 10 a.m.
"	23	...	A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing) at 10 a.m.
"	24	...	A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing) at 10 a.m.
"	25	...	Diploma Distribution at 11 a.m.
"	31	...	Annual General Meeting at 8 p.m.

Hart-street, Bloomsbury, W. E. H. TURPIN, Hon. Secretary.

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President: Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mus. Doc., LL.D.

For Prospectus and Form of Application for Membership, address the Secretary.  
On MONDAY, May 12, at 8.15 p.m., Mr. A. J. Greenish, Mus.B. (Cantab) will read a paper entitled "Hints on Teaching Harmony."  
The GENERAL MEETING will be held on THURSDAY, the 26th June, at 7 p.m.  
The date of the Next Examination for F.Gld.O. is fixed for the 29th and 30th July.  
J. T. FIELD, Sub-Warden. MORETON HAND, Hon. Sec.

# The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1890.

## FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Music as an educational, elevating, and refining force among the poorer classes was more than once referred to at a special meeting of the Ragged School Union, held in Grosvenor House on the 25th ult. by permission of His Grace the Duke of Westminster. The Duke was the chairman of the meeting, and the most prominent speaker on music was Lord Compton, M.P. Mr. Kirk, the secretary, referring to the need of support for the Holiday Homes Fund—the object of which is a fortnight's holiday in the country for children attending ragged schools—referred to the fact that the fund had often been, and could to a greater extent be strengthened by means of drawing room and public concerts, and

invited all who could organise or take part in such concerts to do so. He can be addressed at the offices of the Ragged School Union, Exeter Hall, London, W.C., and will be glad to receive the names of all willing not only to organise concert parties but likewise contributions for the Holiday Homes Fund. The teaching of music has always had a prominent place in ragged school work, and we are asked to state that among its 4,000 voluntary workers, the Union has many musicians and vocalists who, as a labour of love, are willing either to instruct or entertain the children, and many of whom find such services valuable to themselves, especially in the case of young vocalists and musicians, to whom the advantages of public appearance are obvious.

The recent investigations of Dr. Rudolf Koenig of Paris into the composition of musical sounds and the theory of *timbre* will form the subject of an important paper to be read on May 16th, at the meeting of the Physical Society, by Professor Silvanus P. Thompson. Dr. Koenig is sending over to this country for exhibition on this occasion a number of his wave-sirens and other expensive and elaborate apparatus by which he has demonstrated the points of his research. Amongst the apparatus are some special appliances for producing audible beat-tones by the interference of two notes, each of which is too shrill to be separately heard. Musicians, as is well known, have never taken cordially to the current theories of Helmholtz respecting overtones and their relation to the consonance or dissonance of intervals and chords. As Dr. Koenig's investigations have carried matters to a point beyond the speculations of Helmholtz, and not altogether in accordance with them, the occasion promises to be of unusual interest. It is expected that Dr. Koenig will himself be present at the meeting, which is to be held at six o'clock, at the Physical Laboratory of the Science Schools, South Kensington.

Mr. Dvůrák seems to have made the most of the inside of a week's visit to London, when he was the guest of Mr. Littleton, of Sydenham. Besides conducting the rehearsals and the performance of his new Symphony at the Philharmonic Concert he was present at the *première* of Mr. Cowen's "Thorgrim," and attended a performance of "The Golden Legend" at the Royal Albert Hall. It is satisfactory to learn that he is well forward with the composition of the *Requiem*, which he has been commissioned to write for the next Birmingham Festival, and of which about one-half is already sketched. We cannot but think that he has done wisely in selecting the *Requiem* for his subject. Of the suitability of so beautiful a text for alliance with music there can be no question, and it is one which, as musical art progresses, must ever lend itself to new treatment. On the only evening at his disposal Mr. Dvůrák entertained a select circle of musical friends by playing to them as much of his new *Requiem* as he had written down. The impression made was that we may confidently count upon receiving a second *Stabat Mater*; nay, more than this—a work of equally deep devotional feeling, but one more varied in character and with a still closer analogy between the music and the text.

Dr. von Bülow's career offers ample evidence that he shares many of the weaknesses of great men. Admirers of his high gifts cannot but regret, however, that he should have taken such peculiar trouble to prove it to the Americans whom he is now visiting. The latest recorded example of his eccentricity is certainly far from dignified. On April 2nd he wrote to the "American Musician" saying that last year he had made a great mistake in subscribing to the rival "Musical Courier," and adding that, whilst discon-

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tinuing his subscription to the latter, he proposed from that date to take in the former paper. Of course the "Musician" made out of the letter a capital advertisement; and the "superficial observer" might suppose that Dr. von Bülow's testimony to the relative value of the two journals was disinterested, and therefore conclusive. But examination shows that by the date on which the letter was written the "Courier" had published an article in which the Doctor's performance of the Liszt concerto was rather severely attacked; upon learning which the case takes on a somewhat different aspect; and it is only possible to feel sorrow that so great an artist should ever give way to such small passions. At the same time there must be regret for the unworthy discourtesy with which the object of Doctor von Bülow's wrath has spoken of him since the occurrence.

\* \*

The great Viennese pianist is not the only artist whose personal characteristics are exciting comment on the other side of the Atlantic. Madame Patti and Mrs. Kendal have been indulging in a one-sided quarrel, the cause of which is to be found in some remarks which the singer was reported to have made about the actress. In the account of a wholly fictitious interview it was stated that Madame Patti had accused Mrs. Kendal of making "a trade mark of her virtue;" whereon Mrs. Kendal retorted that at any rate Madame Patti could never do so—which was as spiteful as untrue. Then Mrs. Kendal went on to say plaintively that she could not understand "the unique dislike of 'a good woman.'" We venture to doubt if such a general dislike exists. What people do not like is self-righteousness.

\* \*

Tamagno, too, has apparently made himself personally unpopular in New York, where many stories are current about his avarice. To begin with, he demanded, beyond his salary of £400 nightly, free passages from and to Europe for himself, his brother, and three attendants; and four stalls and a private box for each performance in which he took part. These he used to sell privately, thus adding not a little to his income. When the company was in Mexico—so proceeds the tale—he received many presents of jewellery, which he promptly sold. Some of his admirers, moreover, gave him a great many rare birds of beautiful plumage. These he gave to various of his colleagues, who were surprised at such unexpected generosity. Their wonder changed to disgust when, two days before the company left New York, the tenor sent his brother to demand the return of the birds. Those who objected were told that the birds had only been lent to them, and when all were given back the indignant artists learned that Tamagno had made these temporary presents simply to save the expense of feeding the birds. All of which is very melancholy reading.

\* \*

The performance of "Lohengrin" at Drury Lane on Saturday was marked by some features which, however amusing in themselves, were scarcely in accordance with Wagnerian traditions. The audience had become so enthusiastic by the end of the second act that some of the Olympians could not wait patiently until the third act began; so they beguiled the time, which was certainly unduly long, with the chanting of the popular air known to musicians as "Marlbrook s'en va-t-en guerre." The venerable tune, hallowed though it be by ancient traditions, does not make an appropriate entr'acte to "Lohengrin." The climax was only reached with the end of the opera. Either Mr. Barton McGuckin is not a good navigator, or there was a good deal of "sea on;" at any rate, when he was departing in his boat, he was nearly thrown overboard, and had to clutch at the scenery in an undignified way.

Then, when the curtain fell, the house roared its enthusiasm so loudly that the prompter "rang up" too soon, and a curious tableau was presented. The performers had not had time to rearrange themselves in properly valedictory attitudes. The King was scuttling back to his throne in unseemly haste; Elsa was trying to swoon again as fast as she could; and, funniest of all, Ortrud was seated in the centre of the stage in an attitude the reverse of elegant, with her heavy skirts tucked up round her in a fashion less conventional than striking.

\* \*

On Wednesday afternoon, at Mercers' Hall, the Gresham Committee, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, met to elect the Gresham Professor of Music in succession to the late Dr. Henry Wylde, when Dr. Bridge was elected by a large majority, Mr. Armbruster being second in favour. Probationary lectures had been delivered on Monday and Tuesday by the six candidates finally chosen as competitors—viz., Mr. Armbruster, Dr. W. A. Barrett, Dr. Bridge, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, and Dr. Verrinder. Dr. Bridge was for four years lecturer on music at Owens College, Manchester.

\* \*

Miss Isabel Godfrey will give a concert in aid of the funds of the East London Hospital for Children at the Hampstead Conservatoire, Eton Avenue, Swiss Cottage, on Thursday, 15th May next, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck, in which the following eminent artistes, amongst others, will give their services:—Misses Annie and Edith Marriott, Mde. Agnes Larkcom, Miss Robiolio, Messrs. Avon Saxon, Harry Williams, and Sinclair Dunn, Miss Nettie Carpenter, Herr Schönberger, Mrs. Albert Barker, and Mr. Charles Fry. The object of the concert being of so deserving a character it is hoped that it may meet with cordial support, and the result materially aid in increasing the funds of the hospital. Tickets can be obtained of Miss Godfrey, 34, Loudoun-road, N.W., of Rogers, Circus-road and FitzJohn's Promenade, and the Secretary of the Conservatoire.

\* \*

Herr Strauss and his "conversation valse" are badly wanted in America. If the report of a new dance which is just coming into vogue be credible, New York Society, says this report, is crazy over a dance step which has been imported from the South, and is called the "buzzard lope." Its origin is at least peculiar. It appears that an old negro in Georgia had an ancient ass, for which he had a love passing the love of the costermonger. Now it came about that the donkey died, and the nigger went forth with his spade to the spot in a pine forest where his comrade's body had been left for burial. Arrived within sight of the carcase, he found that seven times seven buzzards were assembled, and had already commenced the process of burial. On the approach of the wrathful nigger forty-eight of the birds flew off; but one, a hoary bird, refused to leave the feast. He spread his wings—which were nine feet across—tucked in his tail, drew in his beak, and proceeded to solemnly waltz around the half-demolished carcase. Now the nigger had been a great step dancer in his youth, and the sight of a buzzard, dancing an entirely new step, awoke his old passion. So he threw down his spade, imitated the posture of the bird, and for the space of three hours followed its gyrations round the corpse. When dusk fell the buzzard said inwardly that it had enjoyed the dance very much, and went home. So did the nigger, and proceeded to teach the new step to his neighbours. Its fame spread, and it is asserted that whoever sees it performed is immediately compelled to imitate it. We hope, however, that an ancient nigger, a buzzard, and a dead donkey are not absolutely necessary to its adequate performance.



The mistakes into which our Gallic neighbours so constantly fall concerning the manners and customs of English life, or the *personnel* of English art and literature, are usually so amusing that it would be ridiculous and unreasonable to feel resentment thereat. When a French playwright calls one of his characters "Jimjimjack," or represents English gentlemen as dining, in the company of ladies, in hunting costume, we are content to laugh and forget the delicious ignorance which is responsible for such blunders. Thus we have more than once pointed out, with friendly amusement, the harmless mistakes which have been made in speaking of English art by our excellent contemporary "*Le Ménestrel*." But there is a limit to our toleration. When it asserts, as in its last issue, that Mr. Louis Engel is a member of our staff, we are bound to protest. We do not pretend to know what evil days may be in store for "*THE MUSICAL WORLD*;" but our readers may be assured that those days are not yet.

\* \*

The German comic paper, "*Ulk*," has the following poem by Siegmund Haber:—

Opera italiana sempre  
Tutto nämliches Geplempre:  
Geht in scena con amore  
Oggi Verdi Trovatore,  
Wird domani 'mal tractata  
Zur Abwechslung Traviata.  
Niente weiter kommt zum Ohre  
Niente sonst ist cantata,  
Als Traviata—Trovatore,  
Trovatore—Traviata.  
Finalmente hol der Satan  
Trovator' e Traviata'n  
Und lasciat' uns ungeschoren  
Con Traviat' und Trovatore'n.

Our private poet has produced the following translation; and is doing as well as can be expected:—

Opera italiana semper  
Tutto tries our patient temper  
Footlights witness con amore  
Oggi Verdi's Trovatore  
But domani mal tractata  
For a change is Traviata  
Niente else doth come before ye  
Niente ever is cantata  
Traviata—Trovatore  
Trovatore—Traviata  
Finalmente it's a bore  
Traviat' and Trovator  
Something fresher let's go arter  
Than Trovator' and Traviata!

\* \*

Madame Patti can now be heard at almost any pot-house ("saloon," one ought to say) in the States for a dime! For a long time she successfully resisted all attempts to "phonograph" her. At last some clever individual induced her to sing "Home, sweet home" into a bouquet of flowers, in which the necessary receiving instrument was concealed. Thus the trick was done. Poor Patti! If people care more for the sound of her silvery voice than for the sight of her gold-dyed hair, she will be the loser of thousands a year! Her right to an injunction to restrain anyone from reproducing her voice by mechanical means is, we hear, to be fought out in the American Law Courts.

\* \*

Miss Emelie Lewis will give her annual concert in Steinway Hall on Monday evening, with the assistance of Mdlle. de Lido, Mr. Hirwen Jones, Mdlle. Adelina Dinelli, and others.

A valued correspondent writes:—"An interesting feature of Mr. Brandram's Dramatic Recital at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening last was the appearance of Mr. George Clutsam, a talented young Australian pianist and composer, whose rare excellence of phrasing and poetic insight at once arrested attention. He received an enthusiastic recall from the audience, which he acknowledged by playing a "Mazurka" of his own composition, in which great solidity of style and grace of melody were apparent." We await the next public appearance of Mr. Clutsam with considerable interest.

\* \*

Well deserving of the support of the charitable is the concert which has been arranged to take place in the Albert Hall on Saturday next, in aid of the efforts which are being made by the Friendly and Trade Societies of London on behalf of the extension of Morley House Convalescent Home. Five hundred students of the Guildhall School of Music are announced to take part, together with Miss Augarde and Mr. Tivadar Nachez.

\* \*

Miss May Joseph—aged 15—will give a concert on Tuesday next at 1, Belgrave-square, by permission of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Sassoon. The programme includes Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D major, Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor, and Mendelssohn's Capriccio in the same key. The young lady, who is a pupil of Mr. J. H. Bonawitz, has not been previously heard in London, but report speaks of her as singularly gifted.

\* \*

The programme of the pianoforte recital which Mme. Teresa Carreño will give in Princes' Hall on the afternoon of Saturday next includes the Sonata Appassionata, Liszt's Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody, and pieces by Chopin, Schubert, and others. London amateurs will probably not lose the opportunity of hearing the famous pianist.

\* \*

M. Paderewski will make his first appearance in London on the afternoon of Friday next, when he will give a pianoforte recital in St. James's Hall. His programme contains a Prelude and Fugue by Mendelssohn, Schumann's Fantasia, op. 17, pieces by Handel, Chopin, and his own "Trois Humoresques à l'antique."

\* \*

At the close of Mr. Van Praag's season of concerts in the Pump Room, Bath, the band presented him with an ivory baton as an evidence of their regard for him in both his private and professional life. The compliment is well deserved by Mr. van Praag, who has done so much for music in the Western city.

\* \*

The third and last of Mr. Henschel's "Young Peoples'" orchestral concerts will be given on the afternoon of Wednesday next. On the same afternoon Mr. Franz Rummell will give the first of two pianoforte recitals at Steinway Hall, for which an interesting programme has been provided.

\* \*

Brahms' "Requiem" and Dr. Villiers Stanford's "Revenge" will be given by the Bach Choir on May 10th, at 3, in St. James's Hall. Miss Fillunger and Mr. Ffrangeon Davies will be the vocalists, and the performance will be conducted by Dr. Stanford.

\* \*

Those highly gifted sisters, the Misses Marianne and Clara Eissler, will give a concert in Princes' Hall on Tuesday next, at 3. They will be assisted by Mr. John Thomas, Mr. Durward Lely, and Signor Foli. The occasion is likely to be one of much interest.

## UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF BEETHOVEN.

COLLECTED BY LA MARA.

Translated from the "Hamburger Signale," by MAY HERBERT.

(Concluded from page 307.)

The first of the following five letters, (the originals of which belong to the *Wiener Musikverein*) was probably written in 1811, and is addressed to the private secretary of the Archduke Rudolf, while the others are to the Archduke himself, who for years had the privilege of being the great artist's only pupil. Two of them are marked "anno 1812," but the last one cannot have been written before April 1819, as the Archduke was only raised to the rank of Cardinal about that time.

42.

To Herr von Baumeister  
P.P.\*

I beg you to lend me the Scottish Songs which I gave His Imperial Highness, for a short time, as 2 copies, including my own manuscript, have been lost, and they must be copied again to be sent away.†

Your obedient servant,

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

43.

To His Imperial Highness  
the Archduke Rudolf.‡

[Anno 1812.]

Your Imperial Highness!

I must ask your forgiveness to-day, if I am unable to have the honour of waiting upon you; several unexpected circumstances prevent my doing so, but to-morrow I shall avail myself of your gracious permission to appear before you in the evening.

Your Imperial Highness'

most faithful and obedient servant

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

44.

[Anno 1812.]

Your Imperial Highness!

Yesterday and the day before, I was again unexpectedly unwell at the very time when I was about to come to you in the afternoon, so I have not been able to come the last two days, but I shall have the honour of paying you my respects this evening, if I receive no commands to the contrary.

Your Imperial Highness'

most obedient

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

45.

Your Imperial Highness!

All this time I have been ill and suffering, especially in my head, indeed I am very unwell still, but have been hoping every day to be able to pay my respects to your Imperial Highness in person, and so refrained from telling your Imperial Highness anything about it. However since last night I have been applying vesicatories, with the aid of which, the doctor hopes to make me well in a few days, and that not merely for a time, but for good. I shall probably be able to enjoy the happiness of approaching your Imperial Highness again about Wednesday or Thursday.

Your most obedient

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

46.

To His Imperial Highness, the Most Serene Archduke Rudolf, Eminence and Cardinal, &c., &c.

Your Imperial Highness!

I deeply regret not being able to wait upon you today, partly because of the unfavourable weather affecting my condition, and partly because I am in a great hurry to write something, which has to be sent off, as there is an opportunity just now. Tomorrow I shall certainly wait upon Y. I. H. and as I perceive that Y. I. H. always employ yourself, I shall come about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. It will be a great pleasure to me to spend a few

\* I.e. *præmissis præmittendis*, used in addressing business-letters instead of more lengthy titles.

† The Archduke included in his library a complete collection of Beethoven's compositions—now in the library of the *Gesellschaft d. Musikfreunde*—and the composer, who presented him with the Manuscripts of all his works, gave him valuable assistance in the matter. Beethoven, on the other hand had the advantage of knowing that his compositions were in a place of safety, where he could always have access to them.

‡ The two following letters bear the same address.

hours with Y. I. H., and if this suits Y. I. H. please send out word to the bearer of this.

I hope the dull sky will brighten at last, and soul and body likewise.

Your Imperial Highness'

Most faithful and obedient servant,

BEETHOVEN.

In conclusion I add three letters from private collections. The original of the first, addressed to *Advocat* Dr Bach (which Nohl published in his second volume, in an imperfect form and with the spelling altered) is in the possession of the heirs of the lately deceased Baron Dr. Karl von Härdtl in Vienna. The two others are taken from the collection of autographs belonging to Dr. Polchau of Hamburg, which contains many choice treasures. The least interesting one is addressed to Griesinger, Counsellor and Secretary of the Royal Saxon Embassy in Vienna, and author of "*Biographische Notizen über Joseph Haydn*," and relates to Beethoven's "most successful work"—as he called it himself—the *Missa Solemnis*, for which the composer had, in January, 1823, invited (amongst others) the Court of Saxony to subscribe. The last of the letters, which bears neither date nor address, is undoubtedly addressed to Zmeskall. By "fortresses" are probably meant affairs of the heart, and as these play a considerable part in Beethoven's correspondence with Zmeskall during the years 1815 and 1816, the letter in question probably belongs to this period. It is one of the most characteristic and interesting of any of Beethoven's letters, and with it we will conclude this series.

47.

Vienna,  
6th March,  
1823.

Worthy, honoured friend'

Death might come without asking leave, and in that moment there is no time to make a will, so I am writing to tell you with my own hand that I declare my beloved nephew Carl van Beethoven to be my heir, and that everything in my possession without exception, and anything that is reputed to have belonged to me, is to be his absolutely after my death. I appoint you as his trustee, and if no other will follows this one, I beg you, and authorise you to appoint a guardian for my beloved nephew C. v. Beethoven, to the exclusion of my brother Johann van Beethoven.\*

I declare this letter to be valid for all time, as though it were my last will and testament before my death. I embrace you heartily.

Your true

admirer

and friend,

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

N.B.—As to capital, there are 7 bank-shares, but whatever ready money should be forthcoming, it is all to be his as well as the B.S.

48.

To Herr von Griesinger.†

Thursday,

Nov. 20th [1823]

Sir!

I have the honour to announce to you that my nephew will bring you the Mass intended for his Majesty the King of Saxony, this morning between 10 and 11 o'clock. There is much going on here, so I will only add that I hope you will soon give me the pleasure of seeing you.

Yours

truly,

BEETHOVEN.

49.

Thank you heartily my dear Z. for the explanations you have given me; as to the fortresses, I think you must know that I have no wish to tarry in a marshy country. It is more difficult to arrange my housekeeping than anyone else's, for I don't understand anything about it, and expect I shall always be liable to make false steps. As regards your first letter, what can I say about it? From my childhood I have always liked to think of the good in other people, and always dwelt upon it. Then came a time, when, especially in such a luxurious age, a young man might be pardoned for being rather intolerant. Now we have again regained our strength as a nation, but even without this I have always endeavoured to cultivate the habit of not condemning the whole of mankind because of certain failings, but to be just, and bear in mind the good there is in man; and although people have often opposed me, even in their actions, still I have always

\* The words "without exception," and "to the exclusion of my brother Johann van Beethoven" are added in the margin.

† The address is in a different hand.



considered myself not only as a friend of the whole human race, but have looked upon certain individuals as my friends, and spoken of them as such. In this sense I call you my friend, and though we think and act differently in many respects, still we agree about a great deal; — There — — I shall not say any more—may you very often put my affectionate friendship to the test?

As ever

Your friend

BEETHOVEN.

### MUSICAL PERFORMING RIGHTS.

Messrs. Boosey and Co. have addressed the following letter on the above question to M. Heugel, editor of "Le Ménestrel":—

295, Regent-street, London.

TO MONSIEUR HEUGEL, EDITOR OF "LE MENESTREL."

SIR: We have read with much interest your articles on the subject of the introduction of the French fee system into England, and the ill effects that this tax upon the public performance of minor works will have upon the popularising of French music in this country. Speaking from a knowledge of facts, we beg to say that we are entirely in agreement with you, and it is impossible to overestimate the mischief being caused to yourselves by M. Suchon's misdirected, although no doubt well-meant, efforts.

We do not go so far, however, as to agree with you that the system of the *petits droits* will eventually find acceptance here, and for the following among other very sufficient reasons:—

Firstly, by far the greater number of concerts given in England are individual speculations, many of them also, in the provinces, of a most trivial description. They are all public performances, no doubt, but frequently, and more particularly in small villages and hamlets, organised at a moment's notice, and as often as not for charitable purposes. The principal support received by the system in France is, we believe, from registered halls, large and small, all over the country, where a performance of some kind is given every night in the year. This support would not be forthcoming on our side of the channel.

Secondly, an extremely strong prejudice exists on the part of our public against these *petits droits*, in consequence of the action of certain individuals who have for some years past bought up performing rights in songs and ballads, and used these rights vexatiously and tyrannically. So strong had this feeling become that special legislation has recently been requisitioned for the better protection of concert-givers and the public against persons claiming fees for the public performance of minor works.

Thirdly, there is no doubt that the sale of smaller works in England is considerably larger than it is in France. In addition, the English composer shares as a rule in the profits of his work by reason of the royalty system, under which system he receives so much upon every copy of his work sold. In consequence it is to his interest to have his work performed as widely as possible, and he is in return sufficiently well paid to have no desire to extract a quite inconsiderable additional sum from the public at the cost of great vexation and annoyance to them. If, therefore, English composers are not disposed to exact these fees of an English audience, it will be imagined that the demand coming from French composers will not be any the more acceptable.

You remark with great justice that any attempt made by German composers to levy a tax upon the performance of their minor works in France would be met by determined opposition. Are we, then, more unreasonable than yourselves? Nor does our opposition date from M. Suchon's actual invasion of this country. We stated plainly when Mr. Moul first proposed to introduce the scheme here that we should resist it to the best of our ability. Mr. Moul suggested, in reply, that if we would assist him to secure these French rights he would assist us to secure similar rights in England. This suggestion we refused as being incompatible with our traditions of free performance. Unanimity would never be obtained among us. And those publishers and composers holding out against the new system would, without any question, obtain the whole support of our, whether rightly or wrongly, already prejudiced public.

Therefore we refused to risk for a sum, small at the best, those incomparably greater interests which we were convinced would have been affected for the reasons we have stated above. You will understand that our pro-

test is directed solely against the *petits droits*. *Autres pays, autres mœurs*, they are impossible here. No one will profit by their introduction among us, unless it be Mr. Moul in his quite legitimate desire to set himself up in business. Even among yourselves opinions seem divided as to their expediency. In conversation recently with one or two of your most popular composers in Paris we have been informed that the monetary result of the efforts of the small society is to them individually quite insignificant, and that its efforts in other respects give rise to much dissatisfaction; in fact, we are inclined to believe that were it not for the influence of one or two of your leading publishing houses the *petits droits*, even among yourselves, would receive a very scanty support.

In conclusion, the following fact may interest you. We have recently received, in one week alone, as many as four letters from conductors of concerts in the provinces, upon the subject of Gounod's "Mireille." "Can the overture of this work," they ask us, "be performed in public without a fee? If not, we shall be regretfully obliged to drop it out of our programme." Songs by Bizet and other distinguished French composers are frequently excluded from programmes for a similar reason. If this is the effect of the demand upon established pieces, what opportunity will new French music have of making its way to the front in England? We shall not be surprised, unless the whole question is reconsidered at an early date by French composers and publishers, to find an association formed by our concert-givers and managers for the total exclusion from their programmes of all those smaller foreign pieces upon which the *petits droits* are demanded.

With compliments, we are, dear Sir,

Your obedient servants,

BOOSEY AND CO.

### "THE ARTIST AND HIS CRITICS."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: The letter of "Festina Lente" commenting on the above-named article affords an opportunity of further explaining the views therein put forward; the more so as, in spite of the writer's moderation of tone, it is plain that he has not quite grasped the drift of the argument. His objections are, I am aware, shared by most of those who do not quite enter into the position of the artist with regard to the public, and therefore may usefully be answered in detail.

(1) He says, "The writer condemns critics *en masse*. . . . But there are critics and critics."

This begs the question; for my argument, which he has not attempted to contravert, was that the laws on which art is founded are as yet undiscovered, and that therefore criticism has no scientific basis, but depends purely on the amount of instinctive intelligence possessed by the critic. (For though, of course, the intellect is employed in conjunction with the instinct, we do not know how or in what manner it works, for its operations are unconsciously performed). Is it, then, morally right that a man should publish to thousands of people an adverse opinion, the justness of which there is no method of testing, and which may have the most injurious effect on the worldly prospects of the artist? One must remember, too, that history shows that such criticisms have almost invariably been wrong and unjust, and have had terrible results for the artist, though none for the critic. If another Beethoven came to-day, the so-called "educated" critics of the present time would revile him, as critics of all times have reviled everything original and lofty. For the critic only understands what the artist has taught him; and each new artist has something new to teach, to which the critic turns deaf ears, because it seems to him not to tally with former experience.

(2) "They (some critics) also feel as well as reason, yet are unable to explain how they form judgment unconsciously."

Precisely so. Here is my argument admitted. The critic forms a judgment; but he cannot explain on what grounds he does so! If "opinion" be substituted for "judgment" this becomes sense. So Smith's opinion on Beethoven is to be published to thousands of readers as worthy of their attention! It is so funny to an artist, who understands the overwhelming majesty of genius, to see the daws pecking at him! But our Beethovens have to hunger for it all the same. Is it right?

(3) "If the new does not square with the old, he (the critic) has a good right to hesitate."

Surely here is a misunderstanding of the whole *raison d'être* of art—and

what a poor apology for the blunders of the critic! Did "*Festina Lente*" read the first paragraph of the article, in which the motives which urged an artist to create a work of art were expounded? Who gave the critic a commission to stop everyone's mouth that did not speak in the same manner as his predecessors? What supreme authority has established that all men's thoughts shall be poured into exactly the same mould? This is indeed a tyranny of pedants! Surely the critics are the very men who should deeply search and feel all new forms and endeavour to fathom and explain their *raison d'être*: and, failing this, hold their tongues. But even this is needless; all true art is its own explanation, needing only time, that men's minds may ripen.

(4) "The writer . . . tells us . . . for a man to pass just criticism on a new work . . . he must possess genius equal to that of the artist, &c."

I mean by "genius" "creative genius." The genius possesses a sympathetic capacity far beyond that of other men, and in order to give expression to the deeper feelings which are the result of this, his artistic instincts have to be cultivated to a greater nicety than those of others. Now "*Festina Lente*" admits that art is founded on instinct, and cannot be judged by rule; therefore, surely the man with the most perfect instinct will forming the most perfect judgment. He alone can see the various gradations of genius, and their proportionate value. As I carefully explained, however, there are all sorts of considerations which prevent such from exercising their powers; but this does not weaken my contention. For I only argue that perfection of instinct is essential before it is possible to be certain of judging rightly at all; and moreover that only the creative artist can acquire this perfection, for so intricate is the labyrinth of art that it can only be mastered by one who literally lives and thinks in it. There are many qualities which are necessary before a man is qualified to set up as a judge, but the critic has not even the first and absolute essential, and yet attempts with this half-knowledge, half-instinct, and pitiable short-sightedness to attempt what even a Beethoven failed in.

(5) "A composer works by synthesis, a critic principally by analysis."

This is juggling with words, and begs the question again; for it has been shown that scientific analysis is impossible, and that only creative genius of the highest rank is capable of forming a just instinctive analysis. I might, however, remind "*Festina Lente*" that music is purely a transposition of emotion into sounds, with the intent of reproducing in the hearer, as far as possible, the same emotions as in the originator; Form—melodic, harmonic, and structural—is merely his manner of effecting this, initiated and guided by the instinct which he possesses in common with all humanity, though in a greater degree. The critic's analysis, then, represents not the measure of the work (if this be great), but of his own intellectual emotional capacity.

Every artist knows well that the impression left on the mind by a first (and even second and third) hearing of any work, good or bad, is as a rule, unsatisfactory. In the former case the impression is wrong, in the latter right. After many hearings the greatness, truth, and strength of the one begins to dawn; while the poverty and feebleness of the other becomes more and more apparent. But at first the two do not seem so far apart save that whereas the first seems dull, the second seems trivial.

I assert, then, that not only does criticism delay the production of fine works of art, but it does nothing to hinder (and even often encourages) the spread of what is bad. Look around at the state of art in this country, where the critics have had it pretty well to themselves for a long time. The place is swarming with royalty-ballads, music-hall songs, drawing-room pieces, feeble cantatas by the thousand, utterly untruthful operas. The pupils at our very colleges are contaminated by this garbage, and their masters are often forced to teach it—some even assist in its manufacture. Pianists and singers have to perform these horrible productions, and if by any chance an artist refuses to do so he must starve. I have known concert-givers cause singers to substitute trash for fine-art, in order to please the public, against the wish of the singers—and this constantly. Alas! Truth and art have no home in this country. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred listen to a farcical-opera writer with the same ears as to him who said that "music is a greater revelation than all wisdom and all philosophy." Only the mind in which there is some good can see good. If then there be good in the mind of any critic let him leave what is bad, and only hold up to public view what is true and fine, the bad will soon disappear of itself. I know nothing so ignoble as the flippant manner in which art is treated by modern critics; and nothing more despicable than the constant exposure of the few weak points in the characters of our noblest men, while their

myriad grand traits, their love of truth, their honesty, and inflexibility of purpose, their warmth of heart, and enthusiasm for what is fine are almost never touched upon.

Yours truly,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

## TWO ENGLISH FAVOURITES IN AMERICA.

Our readers will probably be interested to learn something of the reception with which Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. de Pachmann are meeting on their American journeyings. We therefore quote from various Transatlantic journals samples of the opinions which have been passed by the critics on their performances. Concerning Mr. Pachmann—who is not inaptly termed a "pianissimist"—the "*Musical Courier*," after saying that Chopin, feeling that the percussive element of the pianoforte was inartistic and unmusical, strove to avoid it, goes on to say:—

"The born pianist is a born illusionist. He makes you hear sustained tone by the aid of his touch, pedaling and rhythmical devices, where none in reality is. Vladimir de Pachmann is a great illusionist; hence he plays the piano in a manner that produces on the ears of his listeners the effect of a perfect legato. Never in passages of rapid tempo has a virtuoso preserved the illusion of *legatissimo* such as Mr. de Pachmann does. His touch is perfect, judged by the Thalbergian standard, but one we suspect that would be inadequate to interpret the bolder dramatic works of latter-day pianism.

"Then, too, in addition to a fabulously smooth technic, Pachmann has the temperament of the Slav. To him the mystic *sdol* of Chopin is no secret. He lays bare the palpitating rhythms and subtle melodies of a most subtle poet with a skill that can never be learned. It is inborn. The *rubato*, that stumbling-block to amateurs and artists alike, Pachmann has by nature, and if at times it results in rhythmical confusion it is the fault of our Western ears, for Eastern rhythms are sadly bewildering after the metronomic accents of a Bach, Beethoven, or Brahms.

"Pachmann plays like a poet, and as Frederick Niecks, the great Chopin authority, says, is certainly the best exponent of certain phases of the Chopin literature that we know of.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The B minor Scherzo lacked in rhythm and body, and the soli that followed—Nocturne, G minor; two Mazourkas, G and B flat minor; the F major Ballade, Tarantelle, Berceuse, Fantasie Impromptu, C sharp minor Valse and A flat Polonaise—were all characterised by the pianist's excellences and defects. The Berceuse was a miracle of tenderness, and the Polonaise was quite broad, the octaves in particular being tremendous in tempo and elasticity.

"Pachmann is a great specialist, but his want of body in tone is a drawback, and his rhythmic sense is at times lacking. Also a constant arpeggiation in chord playing is a grave fault, but one that almost naturally arises from the sentimental character of Mr. Pachmann's style.

"But, after all is said and done, he is a remarkable artist, and his performance, after last Wednesday's concert, of the F and G sharp minor etudes was something to long be remembered."

The following is from the "*American Art Journal*":—

"Pachmann never plays with any real power, yet his tone colouring is as varied as that of the most brilliant pianist, for he explores the entire realm of pianissimo until his hearers have to almost cease breathing in order to grasp the fleeting mist of a tone. His cantabile playing is, however, his greatest charm. The notes sing with purest melody and woo as seductively as did the fatal song of the Lorely. Pachmann makes his piano sing, as an Italian sings, softly flowing in that wondrous cantelena that savours of harmonies divine. It is the very poetry of sound. His singing of the G-minor Ballade and the F-minor Nocturne on Monday was something to be remembered."

The following is from the "*American Musician*":—

"De Pachmann lacks virility and magnetism. This said, he possesses everything else. He is an artist and a poet of the highest rank, with a touch as exquisite as his taste, and a technique which is faultless. His playing is ideally beautiful. He treats the piano as it should be treated, and never forces it. He does not belong to the German school of piano pounders.

"Strange it may seem, although Chopin is so favourite a composer with



the public as with the players, it is only a very limited few of his works that are generally known. De Pachmann, therefore, is doing good service in bringing out the beauties of a more extended Chopin *répertoire* than all the artists who have preceded him have made us acquainted with."

Concerning Mr. Lloyd's share in the performance of "Elijah," given in Boston at the Handel and Haydn Festival, the "Boston Evening Traveller" speaks thus:—

"It remains to speak of Mr. Lloyd, who astonished us by making two serious breaks in the phrase of 'The evening said'; he was so put out by it that at the close of the aria he sought to make amends by a ringing high A natural; the A natural was fine, and the audience was delighted, but the wiser ones shook their heads. Of course, there was some temporary excuse for it, but all the same it came as a shock. Everything else Mr. Lloyd did was admirable in style, but his tones were not so free from throatiness as in the 'Redemption.'"

The "Indicator," of Chicago, has the following notice of the same performance:—

"The officers of the society were peculiarly successful in the engagement of solo talent for the performance. Interest centred largely in Edwin Lloyd, the foremost of English oratorio tenors, who was brought to America on this occasion by a sort of syndicate, composed of the Handel and Haydn Society, the Cincinnati Festival Association and the Apollo Club of Chicago. This sounds like a peculiarly momentous statement, but oratorio tenors are rare birds, and come high nowadays. It was the first time that Mr. Lloyd had been heard in America outside of Cincinnati, where he sang under a contract which compelled him to be silent elsewhere in this country two years ago. He is a singer who fully deserves his great renown. His style is faultless, his voice of marvellous purity and loveliness; his enunciation and declamation delightful to the ear and the intelligence. He will have better opportunities than "Elijah" affords to disclose the full measure of his gifts and acquirements before the week is over, but he gave great pleasure to-night."

#### HOW THE SITE OF THE BAYREUTH THEATRE WAS CHOSEN.

According to the "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung" the circumstances which led to the choice of the present site for the Bayreuth Theatre have never till now been accurately known. We therefore give a brief account of what is to be accepted as the correct story. It seems that in 1871 King Ludwig drew Wagner's attention to the old opera-house at Bayreuth, thinking that it might perhaps be made available for the composer's purpose. Wagner, on visiting it, saw at once that it would not do, but he was pleased with the town, where he made a warm friend and eventually an enthusiastic champion in the banker, Herr Friedrich v. Feustel. Close to Bayreuth Wagner found a spot on a hill called the "Stuckberg," in the suburb of St. Georgen, which he decided would do for the site of his proposed theatre. Herr Rose, a manufacturer, the owner of the land, was willing to sell, and Wagner left the town highly delighted with his success. But very soon came the news of a most disagreeable hitch in the negotiations. Herr Rose was only joint-owner of the land, and his brother-in-law, the other owner, positively refused to sell; thereby exciting such intense indignation among the Bayreuthers, who already scented the possible profits, that an old tree on the hill had to be enclosed to prevent its being cut down, and the factory surrounded by a wall lest it should be set on fire, as was threatened. When the story of the difficulties reached Wagner's ears he was furious: he would reject Bayreuth for ever, nothing should induce him to build his theatre in a town where the most influential person was his deadly enemy, etc.; and these threats were no joke, for it was well known that the composer's obstinacy, when his mind was once made up, was as great as (say) his genius. Meanwhile Herr Feustel and his friends, finding that there was no chance of securing the site on the Stuckberg, took an opportunity which presented itself of buying the present site for 14,000 gulden. Plans were prepared, showing how the ground could be laid out so as to be made suitable for the desired object; and carrying these plans with them, Herr Feustel and the Bürgermeister Muncker set out for Lucerne, where the composer was then residing, to try and persuade him to accept the change of site. But Wagner was as furious as ever; though as courteous and amiable as possible in everything else, he would not listen to one word about the site for the theatre, nor would he even condescend to look at the plans. The Banker and the Bürgermeister were reduced to despair, for though they

stayed on day after day, and tried every artifice, Wagner was obdurate. Then the happy thought occurred to Herr Feustel to procure an interview with Frau Cosima, and try to get her to intervene. He did so, and pleaded his case so successfully that that accomplished lady, whose share in promoting the triumph of her husband's cause will some day be acknowledged as it deserves, undertook to see what she could do. The result was that the composer allowed the plans to be laid before him, and the details explained. The cause was won, and in a few months after the foundation-stone of the "Festspielhaus" was laid.

#### MUSIC IN BOMBAY.

Few have accomplished more for the cause of music in India than Mr. Kaikhosro N. Kabraji, whose unostentatious but inestimable work in this direction is not sufficiently familiar in the West. Having founded a choir of Parsee ladies and gentlemen, which he directs with great success, he has endeavoured, it seems, to combine the features of Occidental part-singing with the older forms of Indian music; and an interesting proof of the result of his experiment was shown by the performance in the vernacular of the National Anthem which was given at Bombay during Prince Victor's visit. Unfortunately the Prince was prevented by illness from attending on the first occasion on which it had been proposed to bring forward Mr. Kabraji's choir, but it was heard by him at the ceremonies which took place on the day of the Prince's departure. We extract from the "Bombay Gazette" of March 28th the following account of the first occasion referred to:—"A novel and interesting feature was added, though rather late, in the programme of public engagements for the Royal Prince, which was a visit at the Town Hall to Mr. Kaikhosro N. Kabraji's choir of Parsee ladies and gentlemen singing the Gujarati version of the National Anthem as a harmonised part song with Mr. Mant's organ accompaniments. The affair came off on Wednesday afternoon, but in the absence of his Royal Highness, who was prevented by illness from witnessing the interesting performance, it was arranged that Prince Victor should on his way to the School of Art honour Mr. Kabraji's choir by a flying visit, and 5:15 was the hour fixed in the programme of the Royal progress for the day, when, after listening to the divine strains of this beautiful British hymn vernacularised, he was to proceed to the Art Society's *Conversations*. The idea of his Royal Highness listening to this rendering of 'God save the Queen' was not inappropriate to Prince Victor's visit to this country; for what is now the national prayer of the British Empire for Her Majesty the Queen-Empress is likewise to become the national prayer for Prince Victor himself in future when it will be his turn to ascend the throne of England. It was therefore a happy thought that while he is in India he should get some idea of what patriotic efforts are made to popularise the National Anthem through the vernacular, and in order to give him a quiet opportunity of judging for himself it was arranged that it should be as quiet and select an affair as possible. The whole thing was got up by Mr. Kabraji in one day, and considering the very short notice at which his choir appeared on the platform to sing with such artistic effect, it is no exaggeration to say that the experiment Mr. Kabraji has been trying so long of introducing in the vernacular part-singing on principles of modern harmony is on a fair way to success."

It having been discovered that Prince Victor would be unable to attend, "Mr. Kabraji, after apologising to his friends, begged to go through the short performance for which they had assembled, and thus his choir of about fifteen Parsee ladies assisted by four male voices, sang out all the four verses with beautiful accompaniments on the grand organ by Mr. Mant. The four verses of the anthem were arranged in solos and choruses, with changes in the harmony specially suited to each. The tenor solo was sung by Khan Saheb Manockshaw D. Doctor, and the alto and soprano solos by Mr. Kabraji's two daughters, the sweet and clear notes of whose voices were much admired and loudly applauded. A Parsee gentleman for the first time displayed a powerful bass voice, which was a feature not so prominently noticed at Mr. Kabraji's previous recitals, and which gave much strength and pathos to the whole performance."

As feeling is the alpha and omega of mind; myth, that of history; lyrics, that of poetry; so is the language of sounds the alpha and omega of the language of words.—R. Wagner.

## MR. BERNARD STAVENHAGEN.

The number of young pianists who claim to have studied under Liszt is almost as large as the number of violins professing to be genuine "Strads;" but no doubt is possible as to the authenticity of Mr. Stavenhagen's pretensions. To hear him play is to be assured of their truth, even for the hearer who is unacquainted with the facts of the young artist's career. It is late in the day, however, to recapitulate those qualities which have enabled him so rapidly to take rank with the finest pianists of any age. Nor is there, so far as we are aware, material in his short career for a biography of any length. He was born on November 24, 1862, in Greiz, the capital of the principality of Reuss, and in his childhood took lessons in music of the town organist—for it is needless to say, in the stereotyped phrase, that "he early displayed a marked aptitude for music." At the age of eleven he was sent to study under Theodor Kullak, in Berlin, after which he entered the "Königliche Hochschule," directed by Herr Joachim. Rudoff and Frederick Kiel also contributed no little to the process of his artistic education, and at eighteen he gained the Mendelssohn scholarship, making his first public appearance in 1882 at Berlin. Three years later he placed himself under Liszt, whose constant friendship was cordially granted to the boy, and whose travels to London in 1886, and afterwards to Rome, Buda-Pesth, and Paris, he shared. The great Abbé was not mistaken in the brilliant future which he anticipated for his pupil; and the few years which have since elapsed have been ample warrant for even higher hopes.

## FOREIGN NOTES.

The Italian journal, "Il Trovatore," gives prominence to the following paragraph, which our readers may accept or reject according to their own judgment:—"Contrary to the statement of M. Etienne Destranges in 'Le Monde Artiste,' respecting an interview which he had with the great composer, in which the author of 'Rigoletto' is reported to have told him that 'Otello' was his last work, we are able to assure our readers, having learnt it from an excellent source, that 'Otello' is not to be the last opera of the 'Swan of Busseto.' His last opera, on which he is now engaged, will be 'Giulietta e Romeo,' the libretto by Arrigo Boito." This, says the "Trovatore," is "positive" information. Yes! but positive statements sometimes become only comparatively true.

Peter Tchaikovsky's new opera, "The Captain's Daughter," founded on a story by Pushkin, is to be brought out at the Imperial Opera House at St. Petersburg. This will be the composer's eighth opera, all of which operas, except the "Maid of Orleans," are on national Russian subjects. But Tchaikovsky, like Rubinstein, is not considered to be particularly happy in his operatic works. Rubinstein has indeed gained a brilliant success with one of his Russian operas, "The Demon;" but his other operas are, on the whole, less successful in their native land than those of Tchaikovsky.

A new work by Herr Niels Gade is announced as just published—a quartett for strings in D major, op. 63. Considering that Gade has long ago produced an octett (op. 17), a sextett (op. 44), and a quintett (op. 8), all for strings, it seems strange that this should be the first quartett of the more than septuagenarian composer. There is now a fine opportunity for some one to anticipate Mr. Arthur Chappell in bringing this interesting novelty to a first hearing.

Herr Alvary, the famous tenor, lately returned from America, has been performing at Munich as "guest" with such success that an agreement has been made by which he is to perform at Munich for two months in the spring of every year for the sum of 20,000 marks (£1,000), an enormously large sum for a German theatre to pay.

At the sixth concert of the "Musikverein" of Christiania a new symphony in D minor was produced, the work of a young Norwegian composer, Christian Sinding, who has already made himself known in Germany as well as in his native country by the production of a piano concerto and a piano quintett, the latter of which caused much sensation last year at the Gewandhaus Concerts.

Bach's Matthew-Passion has been performed at Stockholm for the first time by the Philharmonic Society of that city, under the conduct of Herr Andreas Hallén. As the lessee of the Royal Opera-house refused to allow the band to take part, an orchestra from Copenhagen was engaged for the occasion, and two very successful performances were given.

Eugene d' Albert will return to Europe after his brilliant American tour about the middle of this month. It is reported that the fatigues of his incessant journeys and other trials have injuriously affected his health.

A memorial tablet to Rossini has been placed on the house in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, in which he resided from 1857 till his death in 1868.

## CLAVICULAR v. ABDOMINAL BREATHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: Mr. Garry is, I believe, too much of a gentleman to lend himself willingly to rudeness. I therefore assume that his somewhat rough remarks upon my article arise from a peculiarity in his style of expression, rather than from a want of gentlemanly feeling. It is a pity he did not look a little more closely at the evident scope of my article before writing his letter. The title of my article would, I thought, sufficiently explain this. I was anxious not so much to state my own views concerning one method of breathing, as to set forth what I believe to be the truth concerning both. I hold very decided views upon the scientific character and usefulness of abdominal breathing. (These views are stated at some length in my works on "speaking" and "voice cultivation.") But the consideration which led me to accept this method as the best have not prevented me from recognising what is good in other systems. It is false and foolish to deny the existence of such advantages. Mr. Garry says: "Nothing that I have said can convince anyone who knows the subject that clavicular breathing possesses any advantages at all." This may or may not be. But it will be well for Mr. Garry to remember that facts are not altered by being denied, nor are arguments refuted when simply rejected. Regarding the double entry of breath through the nose and mouth referred to by Mr. Garry, this usually exists more on paper than in practice. Still, giving such a method full credit for modifying a difficulty of nasal respiration, its very introduction is an acknowledgment of faulty working or condition somewhere—for natural respiration is wholly nasal.

Yours truly,

Exeter Hall, Strand.

JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

## ROYAL INSTITUTE.

Captain W. de W. Abney, continuing his lectures on "Colour and its Chemical Action" on Saturday afternoon last, said that the greatest luminosity possessed by any colour was yellow-green—on the spectrum, the point where the yellow began to be tinged by the green. It was usually affirmed that there was no white light in the spectrum, but when the spectrum was produced by a ray of gaslight there certainly was a part which the eye regarded as white light. The lecturer then dwelt upon the variations which took place in sunlight during the day, and by an ingenious experiment, which consisted of a ray of electric light being made to pass through a glass vessel containing hyposulphite of soda, into which a little hydrochloric acid had been added, produced on the screen all the varying tints commonly seen from sunrise to sunset. On a similar experiment being performed on the spectrum it was seen that these tints were caused by the gradual introduction and extinction of the colours towards the violet end of the spectrum. Sunlight under a blue sky contained a very large proportion of blue rays, while gaslight only contained about four per cent., the result being that many colours, especially delicate greens, conveyed quite a different sensation to the eye in sunlight and gaslight. The luminosity of colours greatly varied. By means of the rotating sector, previously described, this variation could be accurately measured and also matched in intensities of white. The art of the engraver consisted in reproducing these varying intensities, and his success was proportionate to the faithfulness with which he matched in shades of white and gray the relative luminosities of the original colours. By a series of experiments the lecturer then showed that photography was incapable of giving delicate gradations of gray, and therefore could not be absolutely correct in its reproductions of light and shade.





HERR B. STAVENHAGEN.

From a photograph by ELLIOTT and FRY.





## The Dramatic World.

### "THE CABINET MINISTER."

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, 30TH APRIL, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDMOUSE,—

Our London play-critics, or our London public—I don't quite know which it is—are too like Rembrandt in their manner: they judge of plays as he painted his pictures, where all that is not high light is deep shade.

Now much as I love Rembrandt, I cannot but think that there is a touch of vulgarity in this: and that pictures with a thousand shades of light and dark, with cool, quiet colours and delicate half-tones, reflect life more truly than those vigorous canvases of his which call to the eye from the other end of a long gallery—"Hallo, you! Here I am! There is no mistake about me!" And there is not.

But about our judgments—so confident, and generally so extreme: are they always so free from mistake? And is a play always and necessarily either first-rate or last-rate: and wholly negligible if (in our judgment) it be even by no means first-rate? There are books, surely, that stand on the top shelves of our library that we should by no means care to be always reading—and yet should be sorry to lose, to go without altogether. Once in every two or three years, maybe, the fit takes us to get them down, to read them for an hour or an evening: I do not say that the loss of that occasional half-hour or evening with any special book would be a fatal one—but to do without all our middling books, or all our poor books with good bits in them, would it not be like losing all those old acquaintances who are scarcely friends, whom we could by no means endure for a month on end, but with whom a chat in the street, a half hour at a club now and again, are quite welcome and pleasant?

In such matters consists in great part the variety of life; which is, my dear sir, to vary my metaphor—for I am in a moralizing mood, and yet would not bore you—a great orchestra, in which one would not willingly sit next against the big drum, or the concussing cymbals, or (especially) the ear-piercing fife: all of which, with all the grunting, bellowing, squeaking, and shrieking instruments of wood, brass, reed, and catgut, do yet bear their parts in that full harmony which is so magnificent—from the proper place and distance.

Yet your modern theatre-critic will not have it thus. He must needs have his year's playgoing made up of masterpieces—as "Hamlet," "Our Boys," and "The Private Secretary"—and allows no place in this grand gallery for quaint sketches, eccentric and original little character drawings which he cannot conscientiously call first-rate.

How Mr. Pinero ever pleased him at all it is difficult to see; nor what is his mental state when he damns such plays as "The Cabinet Minister" and "The Hobbyhorse"—which was, I believe, at least half-damned ("like an ill-roasted egg, all of one side")—and yet expects their author to supply "Sweet Lavenders" and "Squires" in a continuous stream.

Cannot you see, dear public or dear public's taster—on this point I think that you are pretty much in accord—that you are asking an impossibility, every bit as much as if you said "Good Mr. Pinero, would you please write us a 'Paradise Lost' next time?" (which you are quite certain not to do, not needing the article) or "Pleasant Mr. Milton, do be goodnatured and knock us off a 'Dandy Dick'?"—as I am always expecting that you will.

Mr. Pinero is not a maker of stately and well proportioned works of art, any more than he is a clever mechanic of the Scribe kind: of the latter he has neither the merits nor the faults, and we greatly prefer him as he is. The quaint, the queer, the picturesque, the usual and accidental as opposed to the selected facts of life, are what interest him; they are what he gathers together—or, with a varying fancy, invents—to make his plays of. These plays thus differ much more in their merit than the typical works of the Scribe school, or of modern melodrama, which are constructed on the Waterbury watch system, so that any wheel or spring may be transferred from one article to another with a certainty of its fitting.

Life is not like that, you know. If you had a wife who was five feet four inches high, with fair hair and complexion, who weighed nine stone six, spoke three languages and was twenty-four years old, it is by no means certain that you would consider any other lady fulfilling these conditions a perfect substitute for her. (Don't show Mrs. Fieldmouse this letter—a woman never will take an example as an example merely, and she would be sure to think this one singularly ill-chosen.)

Well, then, Mr. Pinero's plays are like that: and I can imagine no criticism more futile than to say to him "You have written one very charming 'Sweet Lavender'; now go on, and write another. And take out those caricatured people from the 'Cabinet Minister'—you can easily give Lord Drumdurris's scenes to Brooke Twombly."

That is, I imagine, just what Mr. Pinero could not do: "If I gave them," he would say, "they would not belong to him." His people *are* people, you see: they are not merely the dolls who carry on the plot. That is why his plays are always interesting—and why, as large and proportionate wholes, they often fail. The people have their characters and stories; they don't—or won't—always blend in one homogeneous plot.

Here, as many critics have pointed out—

Commentators who each vexed question shun

And hold a farthing rushlight to the sun—

is the fault in his latest farce "The Cabinet Minister": which is neither wholly farce, drama, comedy, burlesque, nor (as has been happily suggested) Bab Ballad. But—as has not been so heedfully remarked—it is brilliantly clever, thoroughly original, and exquisitely acted; and, my dear Mr. Fieldmouse, you must see it—as, indeed, you must see, as the chance offers, each work of Mr. Pinero's. At the Français, I don't doubt that a work so original would find its own public—small, perhaps, but worthy—and for many years would be occasionally played: here, alas, it is bound either to run its three hundred nights, and be played all over England by companies A, B, C, and D, or to fail on the spot—or after the brief period of full houses which Mr. Pinero's name and the popularity of Mrs. Wood's company ensures it—and fall like Lucifer, never to rise again. And the good people in pit and gallery—yet hoarse from cheering the latest witless farce baldly translated from the French—who hooted this work of real wit and originality, did their best to doom it to failure thus complete.

I will not criticise "The Cabinet Minister" in more detail—partly not to bore you, partly because I can't. Its faults are obvious, and have been pointed out with refreshing candour; its merits are of characterisation, and of detail, not easy to describe without pages of quotation—it is much simpler for you to take the train from Buckinghamshire, my dear sir, go to the Court Theatre, and see for yourself.

For the acting, it is—as always in Mr. Pinero's farces—very nearly perfect; as is the stagemanaging of the twenty figures who crowd the little stage. First, beyond question, comes the actor who

had the finest chance, and brilliantly availed himself of it: Mr. Weedon Grossmith, perfectly made up, and perfectly understanding and realising the author's wonderful sketch of a Jew moneylender. It is a part which many character-actors would have striven to make "intense" and Robsonian; Mr. Grossmith has been truer to nature, more effective, and more helpful to the play, by being merely comic. Mr. Brandon Thomas, again, looks his part—the Macphail of Ballocheevin—so wonderfully and so originally, that this mere looking (as it is a small and mostly silent character) is more than any acting; but he also gets the nature of the man perfectly, and the curious husky voice of shyness—which I have never heard before on the stage, though often enough (and for the very best of reasons) off it.

Space will not let me notice the dozen and a half of others; but Mr. Allan Aynesworth—like Messrs. Grossmith and Thomas—is absolutely the man that his words make him; Miss Ellison gives us a wonderful character-sketch of affectation; and, in more important parts, Miss Filippi, as a feminine Iago in a small way, plays with the greatest firmness and understanding; and Mr. Herbert Waring is most manly, most sympathetic, in a part too little developed. (And I must draw your attention to Mr. Waring's singularly graceful dancing of the Strathspey).

The leaders of the Court Company are, I am bound to say, the worst off this time; Mr. Arthur Cecil, because he has nothing to do but play the flute—which is absurd—and Mrs. John Wood, because she has too much, and of a nature strained, unsympathetic, uninteresting, and unsuited to her. Though she plays, as always, with immense vigour, intelligence, and point.

See her yourself, good Mr. Fieldmouse; and, seeing, bless your

MUS IN URBE.

### GOT'S ORIGINALITY.

"I think" (says Miss Nettie Hooper, in the New York "Dramatic Mirror") "that the most absurd thing that ever delighted a French audience was the scene from 'Othello' that was given at the Conservatoire some two years ago at the annual *concours*. Got was the professor who directed this scene, and proudly announced that it was to be the sensation of the day. So it was, but not exactly as he had anticipated. The scene came about eighth on the programme. We were all rather bored by seven dull performances, and had begun to yawn and wonder when the hour's intermission for breakfast would be announced when the play began. Be it remembered that the stage of the Conservatoire is guiltless of any kind of curtain, and that a Pompeian interior evidently painted shortly before the Deluge is its only scene. The double door at the back opened, and in marched a procession of four workmen carrying apparently a pile of boards. We all sat up very straight, were deeply interested, and watched proceedings. The workmen solemnly set to work and evolved an immense bedstead with carved pillars out of the chaos of planks. The audience tittered very respectfully, and continued to watch. The workmen withdrew, and presently returned bearing a huge mattress, a bolster, two gigantic pillows, and sheets and blankets, and proceeded to make up a most comfortable couch in a scientific manner. At this the joy of the audience knew no bounds; they shrieked with laughter and delight; they applauded frenziedly; the gallery gave friendly advice to the masculine chambermaids about the proper beating up of the pillows and tucking in of the sheets. The workmen paid no attention, but finished their task and departed.

"The scene began. Desdemona walked on, more dead than alive, to face the turbulent public that continued to enjoy itself. However, the sight of the slender girl with her great frightened eyes touched their hearts. They were silent and listened to the beginning of the scene with great decorum. Unhappily she finished her prayer, and proceeded to go to the bed, into which she climbed artistically but with some trouble, as it was very high. The audience chuckled timidly, but were most amiable till Othello entered. Imagine a simple-headed youth in evening dress carrying an antique lamp

and with a sword by his side, the end of which emerged between the swallow tails of his coat. The tide of laughter rose perceptibly, but it did not break its bounds until Othello proceeded to awaken his wife with a kiss. Now the bed was so high that he could not possibly reach her, so being by this time utterly demoralised, he tried to pull her toward him. She whispered something and gave him her hand to kiss. Then the scene went rapidly and inaudibly to the tremendous climax. Desdemona awoke, sat up in bed and proceeded to carefully and artistically work her way towards the foot of the couch, as she had been lying with her feet towards the audience. The Othello was not bad, and the scene was novel, so the public had ceased to laugh and was growing attentive, when suddenly luckless Desdemona ruined everything by a novel effect. She tried to emerge at the end of the bed, her skirts caught, she pulled and tugged unavailingly, her impetus had been too great and she could not stop herself, so finally away she went with a stifled scream, took a tremendous header into space, and sat down with more force than elegance before the footlights, revealing to our astonished eyes the fact that she had selected gray woollen stockings to go with her white kid boots. I vaguely remember that they finished the scene somehow and got off the stage after a fashion, but how they did it I think no one can tell. One thing, however, I do know; Got never tried to be original any more, and no tragedy scene has ever before or since been so heartily enjoyed by the general public."

### THE DRAMATISTS.

XXXIII.—ARIOSTO. "I SUPPOSITI."

#### ACT I.

By the aid of a Nurse, considerably less reputable than Juliet's, the young Dulippo has come to the fullest assurance of the love of Polinesta, whose father he serves. But Polinesta tells her nurse the secret which her lover has confided to her: that he, Dulippo, is not Dulippo, nor a servingman, but is Erostrato, son of the rich Filogono of Sicily.

For Erostrato, coming to study at Ferrara (where the scene is laid), saw Polinesta in the street, and fell in love with her so madly that, to be near her, he changed clothes and name with his servant (the true Dulippo), and hired himself as a servingman to her father Damonio. So Dulippo passed as Erostrato, and not only studied in his name at the University, and kept up a house and dressed finely: but, further, paid court to the same lady—as Erostrato of Sicily—and rivalled the old Doctor Cleandro, whom for his wealth her father favoured. (But this was a scheme of Dulippo's to help his master.)

Cleandro was an old fellow anxious to wed a young wife, that he might have an heir to take the place of the boy he lost among the Turks, at the taking of Otranto, twenty years before. He is a miserly old fellow; but he trusts the parasite Pasifilo, who advises him in the conduct of his suit—and also advises the false Erostrato, hoping to make his profit out of both sides. Erostrato makes prodigal offers of a dowry for his bride; but he cannot prove his wealth, while Cleandro is a known man. So Erostrato is in despair, and seeks his one counsellor, the servant Dulippo, who is now taking his place.

#### ACT II.

Dulippo bids his master hope: he has devised a plot precisely like that which makes part of the story of the "Taming of the Shrew"—he has told a foolish old Sieneze, whom he met on the road to Ferrara, that the men of that city have quarrelled with Siena, and are resolved to strip to the bone any of its inhabitants who come thither; but he has offered the old fellow the shelter of his house, and has bidden him assume the name of his (the supposed Erostrato's) father Filogono. Thus they will have a Filogono to introduce to Damonio, and one who will be quite willing to bind himself—knowing that it does not really concern him—to pay any amount of dowry.

With the reception (and deception) of the Sieneze the earlier part of this Act is occupied; while it ends with Erostrato's (the true one) making mischief between Cleandro and the parasite Pasifilo, by telling the old man that his counsellor is false to his interests, and reviles him.

#### ACT III.

Damonio discovers the truth about his servant (the supposed Dulippo) and his daughter. In despair and rage, he has the sham servant put into fetters.

Pasifilo (sleeping off, in the stable, the effects of a hearty meal with Damonio), overhears this discovery of Damonio's—which came about



through a gossiping old servant named Paiteria, who had quarrelled with the nurse Balia.

## ACT IV.

The sham master is an honest servant, and heartily loves both the young and old lords, Filogono and Erostrato, to whom he owes everything; and he is terribly perturbed by the news that the true Filogono has come from Sicily—he could no longer bear the absence of his son—just in the nick of time to upset their plot.

Yet he braves it out; and, clad in the finery of Erostrato, faces and denies the father, who has previously been turned from the gate by servants as an impostor, and has been confronted with the Sieneze who usurps his name.

Filogono is in much distress, thinking that perhaps this faithless servant has slain his young master to take his place. Upon the advice of a Ferrarese innkeeper he goes to consult a learned lawyer—the Doctor Cleandro that we know.

## ACT V.

Here Erostrato the false learns to his horror from Pasifilo that Erostrato the true is in chains, and sends the parasite to procure a hearty dinner for his poor master. More, he resolves to tell Filogono the truth, heedless of the consequence to himself.

Then comes the consultation between Cleandro and Filogono—interrupted firstly by a quarrel between Cleandro and Pasifilo (the result of Erostrato's mischief-making in Act II.), and secondly by the comments of Filogono's servant Lizio, who has an incurable distrust of lawyers.

The faithless Dulippo is mentioned, and the story of his purchase from the Turks, twenty years ago; and it presently appears (would you believe it?) that this very Dulippo is none other than Cleandro's long-lost son, Carino.

So that the old Doctor, having (as he desired) an heir, no more needs to woo a young wife; and Damonio is well pleased to find that the quondam servant—whom his daughter now cannot well choose but wed—is son of an honourable father, four times richer than himself. Thus all goes well, and only the parasite is left out in the cold; yet even he, commending the play to the favour of the audience, seems well pleased if his "friends in front" are.

A story entirely comic, this of the "Suppositi" seems in our brief telling; yet the despair of the lover and of the deceived father, and the joy of the father who recovers his long-lost child, are treated quite seriously by the poet—who writes, let us note, in verse, though his unrhymed iambs are strangely different from those of his Greek predecessors.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

Mr. Benson's last performance at the Globe was also by very much his best; indeed, we are by no means sure that this generation has seen so fine an English-speaking Othello, with the one exception of Mr. Irving's. It is so terribly easy not to be Othello—"that noble gentleman," as the old Scotchman said. Salvini, to our thinking, was nothing like him; he brutalised the play, and left no shred of his poetry behind, for all his magnificent force and stagecraft. Mr. Irving, as he played the part with Booth, had many a fault; but he did not lack nobility, and we own to shedding quarts of tears that Saturday afternoon that we saw him. Other actors, in these great parts, obtrude their pettiness between us and Shakespeare, and we had rather read the play than see them—a fatal criticism, with this grand acting play. But Mr. Benson touched us, indeed he did. He goes right down, now and then, almost to schoolboy level; he lacks presence, chiefly because he dresses and walks abominably; but the fine spirit is there, and, fortunately, the *physique* is not lacking. His voice rings true and strong, even when he rants—as once or twice he does. Still, his Othello is good; it is an achievement. The rest were not much, though Mrs. Benson's sympathetic Desdemona was the best thing she has done. Mr. Cartwright was curiously artificial and ill at ease till the fourth act, when he became vigorous and good; and both Emilia and Brabantio were very weak. The Cassio, Mr. Herbert Ross, was fair.

It was not particularly well worth while to bring forth yet another version of the well-worn "Luthier de Crémone;" but the management of the Shaftesbury Theatre are heartily to be commended for the way in which they have cast the "Violin Makers," as Mr. Alfred Berlyn calls his adaptation. Mr. Willard, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Elwood, and Miss Olga Brandon play the four characters—the four leading actors of the theatre. So

it has every chance; yet is perhaps a little dull withal. Mr. Berlyn's verse is not bad, but, like so many of our dramatists, he has no notion how to break it up. Nor is the quartette of excellent actors quite as strong in poetry as in prose, though all play well and carefully.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dacre are to give a Recital—that is, an afternoon of recitals—at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, on May 20, which promises to be very interesting. Mrs. Hugh Bell has written them a comic duologue—not, we suppose, an English "Indécis," for that, it is said, belongs to Mr. Cecil.

The "Scots Observer" has been criticising Mr. William Archer, who has been criticising Mr. Oswald Crauford, who has been criticising the British drama. To complete this switchback arrangement—whose chariot descends from Shakespeare to Crauford, then rises to the lesser hill of Mr. Archer and then again descends to the lowly Scot—a final rise seems necessary to the altitude of the "MUSICAL WORLD," which lofty journal will by these presents criticise the "Scots Observer." Having, by some extraordinary accident, read all four of these subjects of criticism—especially the British drama—we are in a position to decide that the "Scots Observer" is on the whole right: clumsy, but right. Mr. Crauford was no doubt a bit muddle-headed, but Mr. Archer seems to be the slave of some definition of comedy of his own or others' inventing. If "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "The School for Scandal"—with all the lighter plays of Congreve and his neighbours—are not comedies according to his definition, then his definition is wrong, and there an end. Racine would very likely have disallowed the claim of "Hamlet" to be called a tragedy; but what of it? What Mr. Archer no doubt means is that the term "comedy" has come of late years to be applied in a narrower sense than the old one; but surely even then it is not a sense so narrow as to exclude, as he does, the "Gendre de M. Poirier?"

But the "Scots Observer" is funny—funnier than it is 'ware on—when it tramples Mr. Archer under its "hooves" (this form is apparently not archaic across the Border). It announces, with due solemnity, the important fact that Plautus and Terence wrote in "blank verse." True, oh "Scots Observer!" So did Ovid, and Homer, and Aristophanes, and—if you will observe carefully, Observer of the north—every classical poet of Greece and Rome; only it is not usual to say so. A few more of these discoveries, and we shall have the Tweed in a blaze.

Lady Maidstone has been playing Antigone at Westminster Town Hall. Why has Lady Maidstone been playing Antigone at Westminster Town Hall? And—if Lady Maidstone had to play Antigone at Westminster Town Hall—why didn't Lady Maidstone play Antigone better? It was, indeed, a sad and solemn evening last Saturday, for the large guinea and half-guinea audience drawn together by the magic name of Sophocles—except, of course, for Mr. Gladstone, who is believed to have the Shakespearean faculty of enjoying himself anywhere, even in the House of Commons. But for the rest of us 'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful. Here was a bald translation of the great Greek play, ladled out in true pulpit fashion by a company of good ladies and gentlemen, magnificently innocent of any perception of the difficulty of their task—and of the value of the letter "r." "Surely," dear Creon, is surely not "shawly;" neither is "sore" to be pronounced as "saw." However, a sturdy chorus trolled forth the music of Mendelssohn; and Mr. Barnby conducted the orchestra, which made some amends.

A critic should sometimes have the courage of his convictions; and our particular critic walked away from Toole's Theatre, last Friday afternoon, after one act of Mr. John Aylmer's play of "changes." To be sure, some actor might have distinguished himself later in the afternoon; but then actors must take the consequence of playing in such pieces. To the expert in plays—nay, to the least instructed of playgoers—five-and-twenty minutes of "changes" were all-sufficient.

We are critical this week: for, as some famous French actress said—was it the great Déjazet?—"Le sommeil, c'est une opinion." And it was ours, on the greater part of "Marie Stuart"—abbreviated from Schiller by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield—as played by Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer and her colleagues, at the Grand Theatre, Islington, this week. Some pretty incidental music had been written for the play by Mr. Percy Reeve; which, perhaps, lulled us.

More *matinées*, and more. Next Wednesday a short play, concerning the death of Rachel—the later Jewess, of the Français—by the clever Miss Clo Graves, is to be produced by Mr. Beerbohm Tree. On the 8th inst., “My Mother,” by Miss Amy Steinberg, will be played at Terry’s Theatre, under the stage-management of Mr. John Douglass. Monday is to see “The Solicitor,” written by Mr. J. H. Darnley—who also gave us “The Barrister,” even as the authoress of “My Mother” also produced “My Uncle.” And Mr. George Alexander is to revive the “Grandsire”—another of the family presumably—and this time will himself wear the white locks of the old sailor.

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“Theodora” neither danced, nor sung, nor played on the flute; her skill was confined to the pantomime arts; she excelled in buffoon characters, and as often as the comedian swelled her cheeks and complained with a ridiculous tone and gesture of the blows that were inflicted the whole theatre of Constantinople resounded with laughter and applause,” writes Edward Gibbon in “The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.” This phase of the great Empress’s character we are assured that Miss Grace Hawthorne has well portrayed in her impersonation of “Theodora” in the provinces; and on Monday next she will present it to a London audience at the Princess’s Theatre, when she will be supported by Mr. Leonard Boyne as Andreas, Mr. W. H. Vernon as Justinian, and Mr. Charles Cartwright as Marcellus.

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The West London Dramatic Club gave very successful performances at Ludbrooke Hall on Saturday evening last of “A Hard Struggle,” by Westland Marston, and “The Parvenu.” In the former of these plays Miss V. St. Lawrence as Lillian Trevor made both personally and dramatically a charming heroine, and Miss Nellie Steele, who cannot long have entered her “teens,” showed considerable promise. Mr. J. H. Stanton’s acting in the character of Reuben Holt, the magnanimous lover, was admirable, and the scene between him and his more fortunate rival, Fergus Graham (Mr. E. H. Hastler) would have done credit to professional actors. Mr. Stuart Whitley’s efforts as Mr. Trevor also deserve mention. The performance of “The Parvenu” was exceptionally good too. Miss Ada Richetts was a vivacious Mary Ledger, and Miss Edith Vincent as Gwendolen Pettigrew showed much dramatic perception. The important characters of Mr. Ledger and the Hon. Charles Tracy were each admirably conceived and well sustained, the former by Mr. Croly Hart, and the latter by Mr. Sydney Teversham. Mr. Talbot Smart gave a clever representation of the needy baronet. The parts of Lady Pettigrew and Claude Glynne, severally taken by Mrs. Woollard-Edgley and Mr. Vernon Sansbury, somewhat suffered from over accentuation, but excess of zeal is ever pardonable. Mr. Sydney Teversham recited a neat and original prologue, specially written for the occasion by Mr. H. S. Vince, commemorative of the close of the third season of the club; and Mr. A. Curth’s orchestra contributed not a little to the success of the evening.

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What is this we hear about the Opera Comique? Mr. Gittus Lonsdale is a bold man, so possibly the rather doubtful reception met with by “Gretna Green” when tentatively produced at a Comedy Theatre *matinée* some time ago may not deter him from putting that comic opera into the evening bill to follow “Les Cloches de Corneville!” At any rate, such is the rumour which reaches us at the moment of going to press.

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“After me the deluge,” so probably Mr. Law is inclined to exclaim, now that, after a few brief weeks of “Dick Venables,” Mr. Willard has put a new piece into rehearsal at the Shaftesbury Theatre. The said new piece emanates from the pen of our Henry Arthur Jones.

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“Birds in their little nests agree;” at least we hope they do; and we sincerely trust, therefore, that Mr. F. Kent’s impending departure from Terry’s Theatre is no way motivated by any divergencies of opinion between himself and the author of “Old Lamps for New.”

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Mr. F. R. Benson and his company will appear in a “Midsummer Night’s Dream” at the Grand Theatre, Islington, for five nights, commencing Monday, May 5. “Hamlet” will also be played there by Mr. Benson on Saturday, May 10.

## The Organ World.

### ORGAN RECITALS.

BY F. GILBERT WEBB.

From the increasing number of organ recitals and the large audiences which generally attend them, especially in the East and North of London, it may be reasonably inferred that these performances are much enjoyed, and that the organ as a musical instrument is widely esteemed. It is evident, however, that the degree of popularity which the organ now enjoys is very different from that of fifty years ago. Then the organ was almost wholly and inseparably associated with religious sentiment, consequently its tones could scarcely be heard by the earnest minded without awakening memories of the deepest significance; its majestic and unimpassioned speech was associated with the deepest emotions and most exalted aspirations, and an atmosphere of religious veneration seemed to hang round and about the organ-loft. Doubtless these and similar ideas, though perhaps but vaguely conceived, were the real causes of the opposition which was raised, and indeed in many quarters is still existent, against organ recitals in church. To-day, however, although there still clings to the organ much of the old veneration, as probably will be the case so long as its tones are as prominently heard as now in our church services, it is chiefly regarded as a musical instrument and valued as such, apart from sacred associations. Many may regret this, but such a result was inevitable with the expansion of thought which has marked the last half century.

Twenty-five years ago there were few public halls where an organ could be heard: now the suburban hall is scarcely accounted complete without it contains a “concert” organ, whose decorated pipes rise in striking, if not always artistic importance from the back of the platform. One important result of the introduction of organs into the concert-room, and the establishment of organ recitals in churches, has been to greatly widen the musical horizon of church organists. Recital-giving was soon found to be an art distinct from that of accompanying a church choir or congregation, and occasionally playing a brilliant voluntary. The recitalist had to excite and maintain the interest of his hearers unaided by any extraneous assistance afforded by association with words; a more dramatic style consequently became necessary, greater executive ability was required, and, most beneficial of all, a larger knowledge, not only of the great orchestral works, but also of their manner of performance. With the imitation of orchestral instruments came also the necessity of studying their scales, method of attack, and other individual idiosyncrasies; thus considerably more than a mere knowledge of church music became necessary to the aspiring organist, and when to these requirements is added a practical knowledge of voice production and the art of conducting, it will be seen that the popular organist of to-day must be an accomplished musician in the fullest sense of the term.

And it is not too much to aver that at the present moment there are hundreds of such thoroughly and highly-trained practical musicians. These form the backbone of English musical art; and as the introduction of organ recitals in churches has largely contributed to the production of this body of high class practical musicians, there is much cause for congratulation that such performances may now be said to be firmly established. At the same time it can scarcely be too much impressed on recitalists that the esteem in which the organ will be held by the coming generation is greatly dependent on the character and style of the music now played. Not the least cause of the power which music exerts is that of association; at present, round the tone of the organ there still cling the distinct sacred associations of a past generation; these exclusive associations are, however, fast fading, and their place being taken by those of Art. If this worthily set forth the capabilities of the instrument, there is little fear of the present esteem in which the organ is now held being dissipated by organ recitals either in or out of the church.

### NOTES.

Mr. H. W. Richards, F.C.O., will give this afternoon an organ recital at 3:30 p.m., at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. The programme is as follows:—“Ruy Blas” Overture; Melody, “Letzter Frühling” (Grieg); Prelude and



Fugue in G (Bach); Vorspiel, "Lohengrin;" Sonata, No. 4 (Mendelssohn); Adagio from "Symphony in C" (Schumann); Scherzo from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony; Vorspiel, "Parsifal;" and Schiller March (Meyerbeer).

At St. John's Church, Wilton-road, Victoria, the third part of Gounod's "Mors et Vita" will be sung on Tuesday, May 6th, at 8 p.m.; and on Sunday, May 11th, at 11:30, Dr. Martin's Communion Service in C. At both of these services there will be a full orchestra.

Last Saturday's afternoon organ recital at the Town Hall, Birmingham, given by Mr. C. W. Perkins, the city organist, was admirable in point of selection and execution, and advantageously displayed the manifold resources of the grand organ. The programme included the following items:—Offertoire in G, J. F. Barnett; Hommage à Handel, Moscheles; Andante and Variations, Beethoven; Triumphal March, Liszt; Overture to "Raymond," Ambroise Thomas. On Saturday next Dr. J. F. Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, will preside at the organ.

### NOTES FROM NAPLES.

APRIL 26, 1890.

In Naples a new comic opera by the young composer Prestreau has been most favourably received. Its title is "La Regina Toinon," and the principal rôle, sung by Fauny Toresella, has been quite a triumph. Among the other parts the best are those of the Mayor of Trianon (bass) and the partisans of "Gluckists" and "Piccinists." The actress Adelaide Tessera has come to Naples after her recent successful performances in Rome. Her Maria Antoinetta attracts crowded houses. At the Fenice Theatre ballets are the order of the day, beginning with the well-known "Fille mal gardée." In Milan the Orchestral Society is giving three concerts in La Scala Theatre, conducted by a young Neapolitan named Martucci. The first of these concerts has already taken place, and was an immense success. The programme included Cherubini's "Wasserträger" Overture; Beethoven's C Major Symphony; an Aria by Bach, and Bazzini's symphonic poem, "Francesca da Rimini." "The Walkürenritt" was encored, as were also the minuet from Beethoven's Symphony and a Gavotte by Lulli. The two remaining concerts are announced for the two following Sundays. A new drama by Cimino ("Graziella") has been performed at Turin, and is said to have most favourably received.

At a recent concert of the *Circolo Musicale* at Naples the chief interest centered in a Nonett by a Neapolitan composer, Nicola d'Arienza, pronounced a clever and original composition, more romantic than classical in style. It contains four movements, of which the second, a march, was encored. The third, an "Aria Antica," is perhaps the most original.

An Italian poet, Francesco Cimmini, has translated from Indian literature Kalidasa's "Vicramorvasi," and proposes to give a lecture on the drama "Ratnavali" or "The Pearl Necklace," in one of the rooms of the Museo Nazionale at Naples next Sunday. His translations are pronounced excellent by Italian critics.

### CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

Not the least interesting feature of the present operatic season at Drury Lane was the presentation on Saturday night of "Lohengrin," which work served, as always, to attract a crowded and enthusiastic audience, whose members were not slow to recognise the excellent features of a performance creditable in the highest degree to all the executants. The title-rôle was sustained by Mr. Barton M'Guckin, than whom there are few more capable exponents of the part. His reading was marked by the dignity and strength with which all are familiar. Scarcely less praiseworthy was the Ortrud of Mdlle. Tremelli, which, if considerably less subtle than that of Mme. Fürsch-Madi, is at least dramatic. Mr. Max Eugene was effective as Telramund, and Mr. Pope satisfied all reasonable requirements as the King. A word of special praise must be awarded to Mr. Francon Davies, a young baritone who has but recently joined the company, and who, as the Herald, gave promise of the very highest kind. He is certainly the most adequate representative of the character who has been seen recently. The Elsa of Miss Amanda Fabris was distinguished by no special attributes of power or sympathy. It has been said, *à propos*

of this performance, that Elsa is called on to do little beyond "presenting a pleasant appearance, bearing herself with mild propriety, and singing like a vocalist who knows how to make the most of fine opportunities." This expression of opinion, coming as it does from one who claims to speak with authority on Wagner, is at least remarkable, since it traverses the implied opinions of the greatest artists who have hitherto interpreted the part. For ourselves, we entertain a humble but sincere conviction that Elsa is much more than an *ingénue*. Miss Fabris, however, appeared to share the views of the authority just quoted, displaying no dramatic grasp of the character, and being vocally ineffective.

The past week has been further signalised by second and third performances of Mr. Cowen's "Thorgrim," in which some small, but effective alterations have been made. The opera now plays much closer, thereby gaining considerably in interest. The second representation, which took place on Monday, was attended by a very full and—which is still more pleasantly significant of the real success attained by the work—a very appreciative audience.

### CONCERTS.

#### LONDON AND SUBURBAN.

\*\*\* Concert-givers are requested to notice that, owing to the heavy demands made on the staff during the season, no concerts can be noticed unless tickets are sent to the Editor of the *MUSICAL WORLD* (396, Strand) at least four days in advance of the advertised date.

That the directors of the Philharmonic Society are amenable to experience was happily proved at the third concert of the season given on Thursday of last week. Then there was presented a "novelty" which was indeed worthy of presentation, being nothing less than the Symphony in G by Dvůrák, which, although it has been performed once or twice on the Continent, is new to English audiences. Let it be said at once that in the production of so delightful and genial a work the Philharmonic directors have done much to compensate for their misdeeds in the matter of "Charlotte Corday." The new symphony is perhaps not one of Dvůrák's greatest, but it is assuredly one of his most successful works. In point of structure it offers no particular novel feature, except, perhaps, in the first movement, which contains an almost regal superfluity of thematic material, of which little subsequent use is made. We do not propose to enter here into an elaborate analysis, which may be fitly deferred until the work is heard under Herr Richter; we content ourselves with noting general characteristics. In the first movement alone has the Bohemian composer allowed the national element to appear with any prominence; but this is of little account. Beauty is obvious in every bar, the exquisite charm of the adagio and the brightness and spirit of the last movement speaking with especial clearness to the sincere inspiration of the work as a whole. Dvůrák has certainly the gift, so rare except in the greatest men, of making melodies which could not be otherwise than as they are. They seem products less of art than of nature, so completely fused and organically integrated are the parts of which they are composed. It is needless to say that the Symphony, conducted by Herr Dvůrák, was received with enthusiasm. Scarcely less warm was the applause evoked by Mr. Edward German's "Richard III." overture, which was produced at the Crystal Palace in February last. To our opinion of this interesting and impressive work there is nothing now to add save to record its excellent performance under Mr. Cowen. The second part of the concert opened with Henselt's pianoforte concerto in F minor, played by Mr. Sapellnikoff, the young Russian who was heard at these concerts last year. His interpretation of Henselt's beautiful work served only to deepen the impression left by his previous performances. A thorough master of technique, his tone is perfectly under control; his *fortissimos* are ringing, but never "clashy," and his tender passages are delicate and liquid. Most noticeable was the magnificent skill with which he worked up the *crescendo* in the last movement. M. Sapellnikoff was

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heard later in Chopin's Nocturne in B and Polonaise in A flat. Miss Marian Mackenzie was the vocalist, and sang with conspicuous success Handel's "Chi vive amante," and Sullivan's "Willow Song."

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Mr. Manns' annual benefit concert is always an occasion valued by his countless admirers, who are glad to take such a special opportunity of testifying to their admiration for the work which he has carried on at Sydenham with such conspicuous success. To the element of personal interest which induced so large an audience to travel to the Crystal Palace on Saturday last was added the attraction of a programme rich in artistic worth. The programme included, that is to say, a new serenade for orchestra by Miss E. M. Smyth; Tchaikowski's concerto for pianoforte, No. 2; Heinrich Schütz's "Lamentatio Davidis" for bass voice, four trombones, and organ—all these appearing for the first time in a Palace programme. When it is added that the Russian composer's work was played by Mr. Sapellnikoff—also new to the Sydenham Concert Room—it will be seen that here was ample food for curiosity. Miss Smyth's work shows plenty of fancy, especially in orchestral combinations, but little feeling or passion. There is a commendable absence of conventionality or commonplaces, and the orchestration is marked by a healthy "open-air" tone which is decidedly pleasant. The second movement, a scherzo, is the most spirited, and is more coherent than the rest of the work, which leaves a general impression of unrest. The Tchaikowski Concerto is a vigorous composition not always remarkable for originality, but marked, especially throughout the first movement, by extreme fire and brilliance. It afforded Mr. Sapellnikoff but little chance for the display of tenderness or passion; but its generally dramatic spirit found an admirable exponent in the young Russian, whose superb technical powers were more than equal to all demands. Miss Macintyre, in splendid voice, sang the great scena from "Roberto," and two graceful new songs by Dr. Parry, "Willow, willow," and "My True Love hath my heart;" and Mdlle. Marie Mely, who possesses a rather small but sympathetic voice, sang Pergolesi's arietta, "Se tu m'ami," and songs by Brahms and Lassen. To Mr. Henschel was allotted the dignified and pathetic "Lament," which he sang with due expression; and the rest of the programme included the overtures to "Der Freischütz" and "Tannhäuser," of which the orchestra gave splendid renderings.

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The recently-formed Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society is doing such excellent work by endeavouring to popularise an undeservedly neglected form of musical art that its efforts merit wider recognition than they have hitherto received. It has, indeed, long been a matter of regret that the director of the Monday Popular Concerts has only afforded his patrons the opportunity of hearing one or two now well-worn examples of the many works of this kind in existence. The society recently offered a prize of twenty guineas for the best concerted wind instrument chamber composition, and Mr. Charles Wood's Quintet for Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon, which received the award, was performed at the third and last concert of the season given at the Royal Academy of Music on Friday last. The work is full of charming ideas and beautiful tone combinations, and that it is in parts distinctly reminiscent of the greater masters is a fact that speaks well for the musical reading of the youthful composer. It received a very appreciative rendering by Messrs. Vivian, Malsch, Clinton, Borsdorff, and Wotton. The programme also included Spohr's once well-known Nonet, which is impressed with the unmistakable *cachet* of perhaps the most mannered of composers. Miss Florence Hughes, a new comer, and the possessor of a well-trained soprano voice of great range and flexibility, sang with great charm of style and truth of expression.

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On Saturday afternoon the Bristol Orpheus Glee Society gave a concert in St. James's Hall, which, to the credit of London amateurs be it said, attracted a much larger audience than did the concert given by the same singers last year; and it is easily credible that had the weather been better the hall would have been crowded by an audience commensurate in size with the merits of the concert. For in truth Mr. G. Riseley's choir is almost unique in the perfection of its constitution and the excellence of its performances. The tonal balance is admirable, and neither in precision, intonation, nor expression is there anything lacking. One small fault may be noted, since it may so easily be corrected—a marked tendency towards over-emphasis of the sibilant consonants. The programme offered was long, but of very equal

interest; the most marked success being achieved in G. W. Martin's "Haste, ye soft gales," Brahms' "Lullaby," and R. Gence's quaint and clever "Italian Salad," in which latter piece the tenor solo was well sung by Mr. Harper Kearton. The other soloist, Miss Liza Lehmann, sang with her familiar charm Stanford's graceful song, "There is a bower of roses," Arne's "Polly Willis," and A. Somervill's "When Fairyland was young."

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Miss Winifred Robinson's concert, given in Princes' Hall on Monday afternoon, served to show with gratifying clearness the distinct advance which this clever young violinist has made in her art since she was last heard in London. In the pieces chosen as her solos, the Adagio and Finale from David's Concerto in D minor and a Berceuse and Tarantelle by Sainton, Miss Robinson showed a great improvement in style, for she now expresses the *nuances* of feeling with the ease and intelligence of a mature artist. Moreover, her excellent *technique* enables her to carry out adequately the promptings of her rapidly-ripening experience. It is only natural that the improvements indicated should be seen most plainly in passages where tenderness and refinement are called for. When to these qualities time adds a greater dignity there will be little left for Miss Robinson to acquire. The concert opened with an exceedingly good performance of Mendelssohn's Quartet in D, in which the concert giver was joined by Miss Cecilia Gates—who played the viola part particularly well—Mr. Gerald Walenn, and Mr. Whitehouse. Miss Hilda Wilson sang songs by Brahms, Grieg, and R. B. Addison with her accustomed charm, while Miss Dora Bright gave a refined and brilliant performance of Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody; although it was obvious that the piece belongs to a school with which Miss Bright is in incomplete *rapport*.

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A concert was given in the Steinway Hall on Monday afternoon by Miss Edith Greenop, with the assistance of her sister, Miss Laura Greenop, Mr. Tivadar Nachez, and Mr. W. H. Squire. The young lady modestly confined her own performances to Schumann's "Papillons," and a Prelude, Nocturne, and Ballade of Chopin. The selection was, therefore, scarcely varied enough to afford basis for a final verdict upon her claims to attention, but until a further opportunity is offered of hearing her again it may be said that she possesses fluent *technique*, and plays with highly commendable earnestness and care. All these attributes were shown in her performance of the works named, while the interpretation of a duet for two pianos by Mr. H. M. Higgs, in which she was joined by Miss Thiballier, was marked by the added quality of brilliance. Miss Laura Greenop's songs were considerably marred by nervousness, but she gave refined and unpretentious renderings of Mozart's "Deh Vieni non tardar," and of songs by Goring Thomas, Lassen, and Liza Lehmann. Mr. Reginald Groome's agreeable tenor voice was heard to advantage in Handel's "Where'er you walk" and Logé's "Across the Still Lagoon," the last-mentioned being given especially well. Mr. Nachez and Mr. W. H. Squire met with well-deserved success in the solos contributed by them on the violin and cello respectively, and joined the concert-giver in an adequate performance of Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor. It should be added that Miss Dell Thompson recited with inimitable humour "Tom's Little Star."

\*\*\*

At the concert given on Monday in Princes' Hall by Miss Ethel and Mr. Harold Bauer, the latter presented a sonata for violin and pianoforte from his own pen, which—appropriately dedicated to Mr. A. Pollitzer, under whom Mr. Bauer studied—proved to be the most interesting feature of the programme. Although his first composition, the work is in every way worthy of close attention. It is distinguished by singular earnestness, melodic charm, and sustained power; there is a complete absence of anything like "padding," and no small degree of originality. The sonata is well laid out for both instruments, the pianoforte part being throughout of much importance. It was played with all due effect by the composer and his sister. Mr. Harold's violin solos were two pieces by Wieniawski, Sarasate "Zigeunerweisen," and Bach's Prelude and Fugue in G minor, of which latter a really remarkable performance was given. The young man has improved noticeably in point of tenderness and finish, while his style is as broad and his tone as good as ever. Miss Ethel was heard in a very brilliant rendering of Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," Schubert's Minuet in B minor, Schumann's "Des Abends," and in two pieces by Chopin, while her share of the sonata was performed with much spirit and tact. The programme opened with a good performance of Bach's Trio in C, led very creditably by Miss Winifred Bauer.



The pupils and professors of the Hyde Park Academy of Music gave a concert in the Steinway Hall on Tuesday afternoon, which, apart from the intrinsic interest of the programme then presented, was useful as a proof of the sound nature of the musical education given in the institution of which Mrs. Trickett is the principal and Mr. Gilbert Webb the director. Admirable instances of the results which are attending the labours of these two and their official coadjutors were found in—to mention but a few of many possible—the songs of Miss Alice Buckle, Miss Helen Page, and Miss Ethel Wilde, the last of whom, in especial, distinguished herself by a highly expressive rendering of Thomas's "Wind in the Trees;" by the performance of Miss Cherry Enriquez, who played Mozart's Fantasia in C minor with great effect; and of Miss Grace Wood, who in Hans Sitt's Nocturne, in F, for violin, displayed a firm style of bowing and an excellent tone. The Hyde Park Ladies' Choir, under Mr. Gilbert Webb's conductorship, sang several part-songs very successfully; and Mr. Schönberger, who "professes"—and doubtless practises—the pianoforte at this Academy, played Liszt's Polonaise in E with familiar spirit. It should be added that between the two parts of the concert Miss Cowen recited "The Japanese Fan" with great effect.

The second of Mr. Henschel's "Young People's" concerts took place on Wednesday afternoon, and it is happily possible to record that the auspicious promise of the first was then amply fulfilled. A good and attentive audience listened to excellent performances of such classical works as the overture to "Der Freischütz," Mozart's Symphony in C, Rubinstein's Ballet Music from "Famors," and that delightful piece of humour the "Funeral March of a Marionette." Mr. Henschel was again in capital form, conducting with much spirit and sympathy, while it is happily superfluous to insist on the charm with which Mrs. Henschel sang her husband's setting of three songs from Kingsley's "Water-babies."

At the concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, given on Wednesday last at St. James's Hall in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan Hospital, Madame Alexandrine de Swiatlowsky once more proved herself, in songs by Erik Meyer Helmund and Tschaiowsky, to be an artist of

the first rank. Equally artistic were the renderings by Miss Marguerite Hall and Mr. Max Heinrich. Miss Rosine Defries, solo pianist, was very successful in her performance of Liszt's Rhapsodie in F sharp minor—for which she was encored—as well as in a rendering of Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brilliant in B minor, marked by much grace and finish. The most successful effort of the orchestra was Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture. The other items left much to be desired.

An interesting concert was given in the Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening by Miss Agnes Janson and Miss Kate Flinn, two young singers to whose merits we have so frequently drawn attention that it would be superfluous now to dwell upon them in detail. The programme may fairly be described as surpassing in interest those usually put forward on such occasions. Miss Janson was heard in the aria, "Gia l'ira mabbandona," from "Il Profeta," in Liszt's "König in Thule"—to which her beautiful voice and refined method gave full effect—and a selection of smaller pieces by Lindblad and Hugo Beyer, the piquant charm of which she interpreted with characteristic skill. Miss Flinn's most ambitious, but by no means least successful effort, was made in "Caro nome," although the resources of her dramatic voice and style were perhaps displayed more fully in Sullivan's "Will he come?" Thomé's "Perles d'or," and Brahms' "Vergeliches Ständchen." The two ladies also contributed with great charm and grace a number of duets by Goring Thomas, Mary Carmichael, and Holländer, in each of which their voices blended admirably. Assistance was given by Mr. Plunket Greene, who sang two agreeable songs by Battison Haynes; by Mr. Leo Stern, whose cello solos were as acceptable as ever; and by M. Johannes Wolff, who, besides joining Mr. Stern and Mr. Bendall in an excellent performance of Liebe's charming serenade, played with his accustomed fire Wieniawski's Romance and Rondo, and a new Mazurka by the same composer. Mention should not be omitted of the service rendered by Mr. Bendall and Mr. Hugo Beyer as accompanists.

Signor V. Galiero gave his first evening concert in Princes' Hall on Wednesday evening, when, in addition to the songs of Mdle. Leila Dufour and the violin solos of M. Simonetti, he played a number of pianoforte

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pieces ranging from Scarlatti to Beethoven, Brahms, and Chopin. Signor Galiero's technical skill is not to be called in question, but his style is crude, showy, and unsympathetic. The execrable instrument on which he played unfortunately emphasized these defects. The best performance was undoubtedly that of the Mendelssohn-Liszt "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," which was given with a considerable degree of poetic feeling. He also played several of his own compositions. Signor Simonetti played with great spirit and precision Sarasate's "Bolero," and the two Romances of Beethoven, and joined Signor Galiero in a performance of the latter's Sonata for violin and pianoforte. Mdlle. Dufour has an excellent voice and a sympathetic style, exhibiting both to good purpose in the intensely dramatic air from Saint Saëns' "Samson et Dalila," and in Denza's "The Sweetest Song."

\* \*

Miss H. Sasse was responsible for an interesting concert which took place on Tuesday afternoon in St. James's (Banqueting) Hall. The lady is a pianist of no mean ability, possessing a fluent *technique* and a graceful and sympathetic style. The only solos put forward in the programme were two pieces by Chopin, but Miss Sasse joined her sister in a performance of Raff's Chaconne for two pianofortes, and Mr. Wiener and Mr. Whitehouse in Brahms' Trio in C minor. In all of these the qualities above noted were well displayed. The vocalists were Miss Florence Monk, who was announced to sing Schira's "Sognai," and Mr. Henry Phillips, whose pleasant and sympathetic tenor voice did full justice to the songs chosen by him.

\* \*

Miss Maud Guttères and Mr. Mewburn Levien, vocalists of considerable reputation in London drawing-rooms, gave a concert on Tuesday in Princes' Hall, which was attended by a considerable and properly appreciative audience, who awarded due applause to the songs contributed successfully by each artist. The lady's voice was best displayed in Ribaudi's "Alla stella confidente," the violin obbligato to which was played by M. Nachez. Mr. Plunket Greene, Mr. Bradley, Miss Bliss, and others added not a little to the pleasure of the audience.

\* \*

A performance of Haydn's "Creation" was given by the New Court Choral Society in New Court Chapel, Tollington Park, on Tuesday, April 22nd, when Mrs. Mary Davies, Mr. Harper Kearton, and Signor Foli were to have taken the soli parts. Signor Foli, however, was indisposed, and his place was efficiently filled by Mr. Watkin Mills. The work was rendered throughout in a manner most creditable alike to principals and choir, the choruses being given with excellent spirit and precision. Mr. Bound was the conductor, and Miss A. Dearden and Mr. Blennerhassett accompanied on the piano and organ respectively in a highly satisfactory manner.

\* \*

Miss Jessie F. A. Reid gave a pianoforte recital in the Steinway Hall on Saturday afternoon. The audience came together by invitation, and criticism is therefore precluded; but it may be said that Miss Reid played with correctness and care Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, op. 110, as well as pieces by Grieg, Scarlatti, Field, and Chopin. Her best performances were of Chopin's Preludes in C minor and G major, and Study in C minor.

### PROVINCIAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.)

BIRMINGHAM, APRIL 28.—The last important concert of the season took place on Thursday, when Mr. Stockley's Orchestral Subscription Concert, the fourth of the seventeenth series, proved a fitting finale to a season unusually rich in musical novelties. Already on more than one occasion Mr. Stockley has shown himself to be the champion of English musical composers by producing their works for the first time at his well-established orchestral concerts when a hearing was denied them in the greatest musical centre of the world. On the occasion above named Mr. Charles E. Stephens's Symphony in G minor, No. 2, was given for the first time in England, and conducted by the genial composer himself. It affords us great pleasure to be able to state that the symphony was received with vivid demonstrations of enthusiasm by a large and representative musical audience. The symphony is constructed on orthodox lines, and consists of four

movements—(a) Allegro Moderato in G minor, common time; (b) Adagio non Troppo (piu tosto poco andante) in E flat major, two-four time; (c) Menuetto, allegro, in G minor, three-four time; with trio No. 1 in G major and trio No. 2 in E flat major; (d) Finale, allegro vivace, in G minor, six-eight time. The learned musician may be traced in every bar from beginning to end, an important factor throughout the symphony being Mr. Stephens's admirable and scholarly contrapuntal and imitative writing. The whole work is clear and intelligible, never heavy, but spirited and melodious to a degree. The orchestra gave a superb reading of Mr. Stephens's work, being evidently on its mettle, and ambitious to do justice to the clever composer. The other orchestral items consisted of a Serenade in E flat by Saint-Saëns; an Organ Symphony, with orchestral accompaniments by Guilmant; Sullivan's "In Memoriam" Overture; and a Duo Concertante for violin and contra basso, superbly given by Mr. T. M. Abbot and Mr. J. Reynolds. The vocalists were Madame Belle Cole and Mr. Orlando Harley. Both artistes were in excellent voice, and gave great satisfaction.

BRISTOL.—An immense audience was present at the special concert given by the Saturday Popular Concerts "forces" on the 23rd. Miss Alice Gomez, the chief attraction, sang familiar songs to the intense delight of all. Mr. Montague Worlock was the other vocalist. The choir contributed several bright choruses and part songs, the band performed overtures and selections, and Mr. G. Riseley played an organ solo. The Popular Concert on Monday was well attended, and was musically a great treat. Beethoven's "Leonora" overture No. 3, Haydn's Symphony in D, a couple of pieces for strings by Grieg, Auber's "Fra Diavolo" overture, and a selection were the orchestral works, which were well played. Miss Lucile Hill (under an engagement with Mr. D'Oyley Carte), made a highly successful first appearance in three songs; and Mr. Arthur Wills, the other vocalist, made a favourable impression.

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